

# The SIGN



JULY 1959—35c

*National Catholic Magazine*

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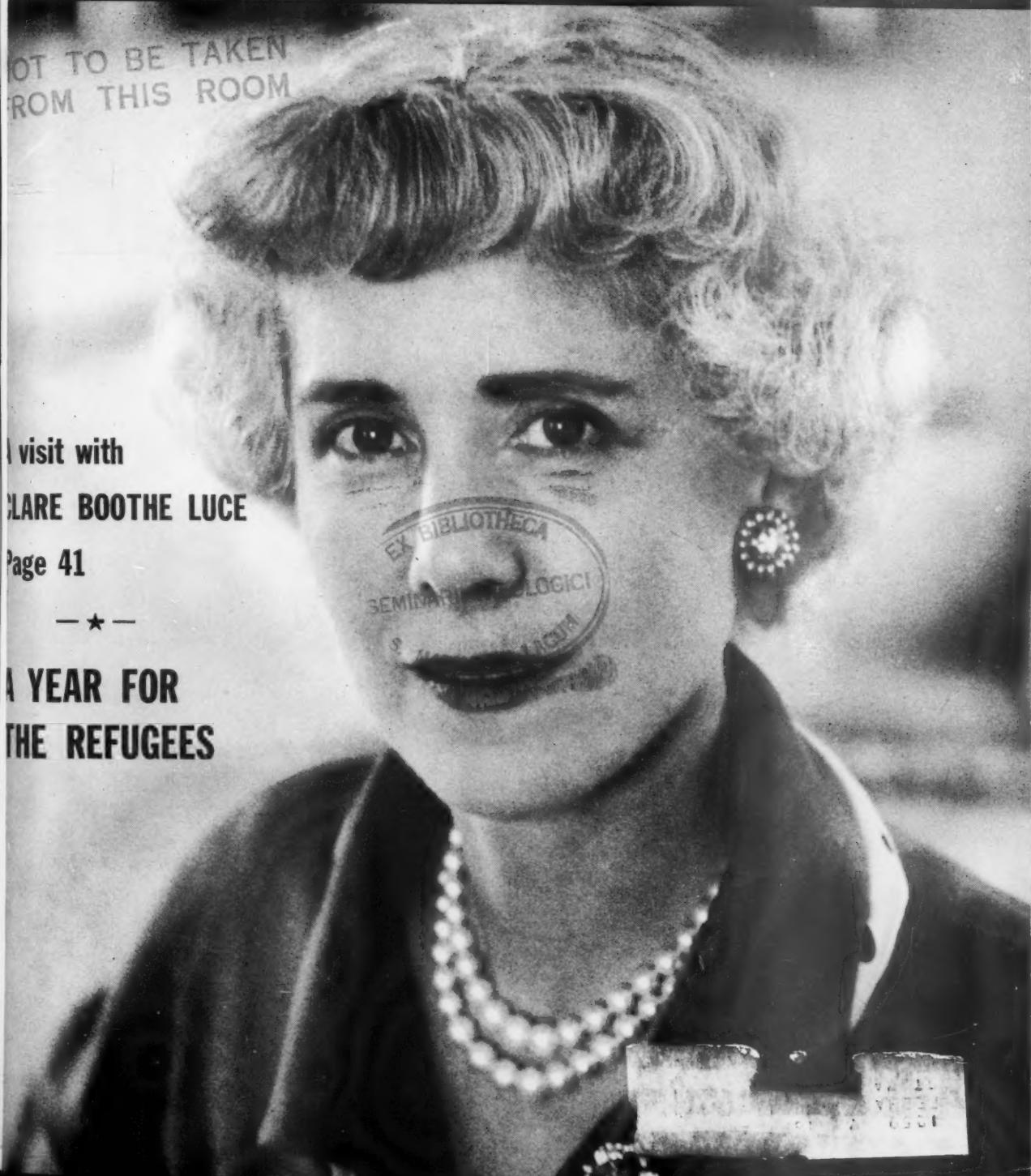
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Page 41

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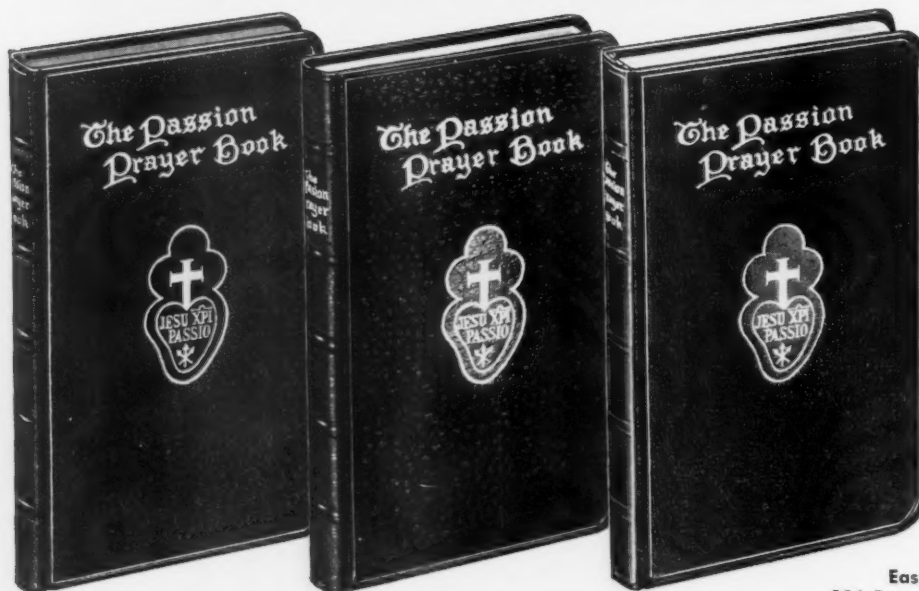
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## Letters

### THE JOYFUL SHEPHERD

In your May 1959 issue of *THE SIGN*, the article "John XXIII: The Joyful Shepherd," by J. J. Casserly, was exceptionally good. It was informative and made me feel the warmth and friendliness of Pope John XXIII. His life can be applied to all and especially to me as a student nurse. He is friendly to all regardless of race, age, or economic welfare. Thanks for writing it, Mr. Casserly, and I am sure others will get as much good out of it as I did.

(Miss) BETTY GRUBER

DETROIT, MICH.

### LAY MISSIONARIES

As a young Catholic college student having an interest in the lay apostolate, I would like to commend you upon your choice of material dealing with this topic. In particular, I am referring to Douglas Roche's article in the April issue.

I eagerly began to read his article, "The New Boom in Lay Missionaries." To my surprise and satisfaction, this article answered many of my questions concerning the lay apostolate. I had often wondered what motivates the Catholic laity to make this sacrifice and what type of people become lay missionaries. . . .

CAROL BYRD

WINONA, MINN.

We have just received your card saying that we will receive a subscription to *THE SIGN* in the coming year . . . I wanted to write and thank you in the name of all of us at the Center who will be enjoying the magazine in the coming year.

I would like to thank you for a reason I'm sure you are already well aware of—that the U.S. is not considered a Catholic country at all in Brazil and that good Catholic magazines go a long way in creating understanding. Also we would like to thank you especially this month for the article on the Grail in the U.S. It is wonderful for the girls here to get an idea of the apostolate by seeing Americans and Egyptians, etc. working together. And also the pictures of the family going together to the missions and the many young men from Aide are really a great inspiration for people here who are beginning to see that the Church in the U.S. is very much alive.

The six American Grail members work-

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ing in Brazil would like to thank you for this interesting way of keeping up with the news of the Church in the States.

FLORENCE ANDERSON  
FERDIZES, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL

We especially enjoyed "The New Boom in Lay Missionaries."

MRS. ADELINE DELGADO  
WICKLIFFE, O.

On page 14 of the May issue are some interesting comments on the most recent efforts of the National Council of Catholic Men to organize laymen as a unit to carry out the work most necessary for the Church and the success of the missions. The theme being the parish activities of the layman it must be something more than a get-together in the parish hall or the annual parade down Main Street. This was the theme a year ago in the 1957 June copy of THE SIGN. Although the aims of N.C.C.M. with the aid of the laymen are for the most concerned with the missions, the potential of the layman in helping his individual cause and those around him is still overlooked. . . .

PATRICK LYNCH  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

#### THE MENTALLY ILL

"New Hope for the Mentally Ill," by Rev. Paul Revere, makes inspiring reading. The spirit shown in the article was impressive. His sympathy and love for those dependent on him are heartwarming. These qualities make this article different from others on the subject.

LAWRENCE E. McALLISTER  
FLUSHING, N. Y.

Warm commendation to Rev. Paul Revere on his inspiring article in the May edition of THE SIGN entitled "New Hope for the Mentally Ill."

It seems strange that a priceless gift such as love could pave the way to happiness and possible cure of the mentally ill. The strange part about it is that so few people do anything to nourish this love.

If we would only keep in mind that the mentally ill are members of the Mystical Body of Christ and that it is our Christian duty to treat them as such, we might learn to cultivate the type of love and understanding that is so desperately needed by our mentally ill.

(Miss) PEGGY DONOVAN  
DETROIT, MICH.

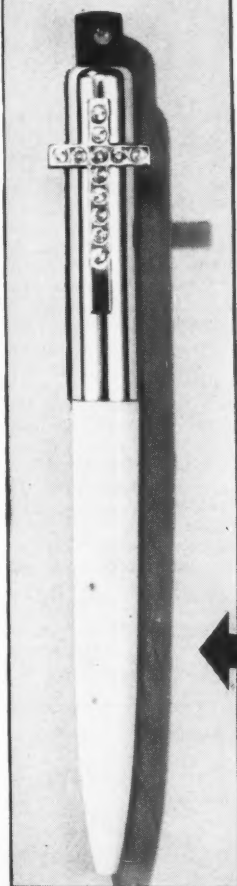
#### PARISH-PRIEST SAINTS

In your May issue, Paula Bowes, in her good review of Margaret Trouncer's life of Saint Jean-Marie Vianney, repeats the greatly believed, incorrect idea that no ordinary parish priest had, prior to the Curé of Ars, been canonized as a saint. Father R. A. Hutchinson, in his splendid book, *Diocesan Priest Saints*, published by Herder in 1958, gives the names of fifteen secular parish priests who were canonized. Of course, it may be claimed

(Continued on page 70)

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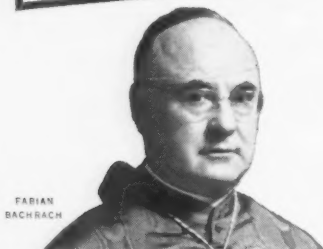
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**KEYS TO MUTUAL LOVE.** How to understand your mate . . . Qualities demanded of the successful husband and wife . . . Learning to accept your role in marriage.

**A CATHOLIC DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE.** (By Bernard J. Pisan, M.D., Director, Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.) Sex is God's creation; not "vulgar" . . . Why you should avoid puritanical views of sex . . . Physical aspects . . . How husbands and wives approach marital act differently . . . Characteristic physical and emotional responses of men and women . . . What wife needs . . . Partners' "rights" . . . Causes of frigidity in women. How it can be treated. Causes, treatments for male impotence.

**BIRTH CONTROL AND THE RHYTHM METHOD.** Church teaching on artificial contraception . . . Sterilization . . . Rhythm method based on natural law. Calendar method of predicting fertility . . . Body temperature method . . . Who may practice the rhythm method? . . . Disadvantages of rhythm method.

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**HOW TO DISAGREE WITH YOUR MATE.** Rules for disagreeing . . . How to get grievances out of your system . . . How to keep discussions within bounds . . . Importance of giving in on little things.

**MONEY VALUES IN MARRIAGE.** Modern overemphasis on money . . . Materialism fosters contraception . . . Danger of the "moral ticket" husband . . . Danger of the working wife . . . Who should handle the money?

**THE IN-LAW PROBLEM.** Rules to keep the in-law situation from getting out of hand . . . Three principles that avoid friction . . . Caring for aged parents.

**THE PROBLEM OF ALCOHOLISM.** Old beliefs disproved . . . How to handle an alcoholic mate or relative.

**MENOPAUSE AND OLD AGE.** Critical period . . . Starting life anew . . . Spiritual life helps adjustments of middle age . . . Changes in women . . . Treatments for problems at the menopause . . . Problems of the

middle-aged man . . . Happily growing old together.

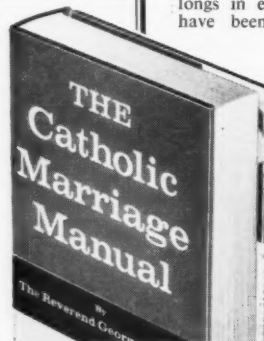
**"UNTIL DEATH DO YOU PART."** Divorce evil . . . When Catholic marriages are invalid . . . The Pauline Privilege . . . Costs of annulments . . . Two kinds of separation possible . . . Conditions under which Catholics may start civil divorce actions.

**IF YOUR MATE IS NOT A CATHOLIC.** Why the Church opposes mixed marriages . . . How to encourage non-Catholic mates to take more active interest in Church.

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# The SIGN<sup>®</sup>

*National Catholic Magazine*

July, 1959

Volume 38, No. 12



**Why must the innocent suffer?**  
Page 25



**Color means nothing to the judge**

Page 15



**A charming leader, and more like her**

Page 50

There are some slight changes in the appearance of The Sign this month to give us a fresh look in the places we thought necessary. From now on, the text type will be 9 point Times Roman, which will aid swift reading. This gives us a chance to mention that The Sign was awarded the 1958 Catholic Press Association prize for the best typography in general interest magazines. We also won the fiction award for Claude Kinnoull's *Family Affairs*, which appeared in our April 1958 issue.

Cover photo by Ed Lettau

## The American Scene

- 11 WILL TV GO ON DRUGGING THE U.S.? by John P. Shanley
- 15 THE CASE OF THE COLOR-BLIND JUDGE, by Milton Lomask
- 20 HOW JOE VILIMAS SAVED A CHANGING NEIGHBORHOOD, by Dan Herr and Paul Cuneo
- 52 THE MOONSHINE RACKET, by Edward J. Mowery

## The World Scene

- 25 A YEAR TO REMEMBER THE REFUGEES, *A Sign Picture Story*
- 30 WILL WE SHELTER THE REFUGEES? *An interview*

## Various

- 18 CONFORMITY OR COMMUNITY? by Andrew M. Greeley
- 41 THE INCANDESCENT LADY, by Douglas J. Roche
- 45 THE FREEDOM OF A SLAVE, by Hilary Sweeney, C. P.
- 46 MARRIAGE UNDER A MICROSCOPE, *A Sign Picture Story*

## Short Story

- 36 THINGS PAST, by Richard Sullivan

## Editorials

- 6 AMERICAN CATHOLICS, by Ralph Gorman, C. P.
- 7 CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT

## Entertainment

- 32 STAGE AND SCREEN, by Jerry Cotter
- 57 RADIO AND TELEVISION, by John Lester

## Features

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 LETTERS   | 50 PEOPLE                                  |
| 23 RUNNING IS FOR HORSES, by Red Smith                  | 54 SIGN POST, by Aloysius McDonough, C. P. |
| 35 THE SENSE OF THE SACRED, by Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B. | 56 WOMAN TO WOMAN, by Katherine Burton     |
| 40 NIGHT ON THE STRAND (Poem)                           | 59 BOOK REVIEWS                            |
| 40 LOVE SONG IN IRAN (Poem)                             |  |

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## EDITOR'S PAGE

# American Catholics

**A** FEW MONTHS ago we published an article, "The Catholic Church in America," by Norman St. John-Stewas. It expressed the views of an intelligent English convert who had closely observed the Church in the U.S. for a year. Some of his observations were critical, so we expected a rash of indignant letters. To our surprise, the mail on this article ran rather light and favorable. Perhaps we are getting mature enough to accept friendly criticism.

As a matter of fact, we American Catholics do have faults and weaknesses, and criticism and self-criticism are helpful.

For some time a controversy has been raging over the intellectual caliber of American Catholicism. The anti's have had the better of the argument. The American Catholic Church has suffered a dearth of great figures in literature, science, philosophy, theology, and other branches of learning. If you see a headline in your daily paper announcing that a group of university scholars have made an important discovery in any field of science, you don't have to read the text to know it was not a Catholic university. Glance through the catalogues of Catholic publishers and see how much they depend on translations and importations for quality books. A few Catholic publications seem to regard "intellectual" a term of reproach as bad as "liberal."

We American Catholics have been too tolerant of political bosses even after their dishonesty has become notorious. At present we show signs of getting over this.

American Catholics sometimes shock those outside the Church by too easy an attitude toward dictatorships. According to traditional Catholic views, dictatorship is not an evil in itself. It may be necessary in an emergency, just as medication or an operation may be necessary for a patient. To say, for instance, that the dictatorships in Spain and Portugal are necessary under present circumstances may be correct. To praise the dictatorships of Franco and Salazar as ideal Catholic states, as some Catholics do, is quite a different matter. They are nothing of the kind.

We are too often characterized by negative attitudes. We are highly vocal in denouncing evil in

literature, plays, movies, radio, and TV. We are strangely silent in promoting the good in these fields.

Many show a readiness to assume that non-Catholics are in bad faith when they disagree with us on public issues. A Protestant is wrong in advocating birth control, in fearing a Catholic president, in tolerating divorce, but he isn't necessarily insincere.

In our attack on evil, we sometimes try to outdo God who has permitted evil in the world. As Pius XII said: "The statement that religious and moral errors must always be impeded, when it is possible, because toleration of them is in itself immoral, is not valid absolutely and unconditionally. . . . The duty of repressing moral and religious error cannot, therefore, be an ultimate norm of action. It must be subordinate to higher and more general guiding principles, which in some circumstances allow, and even perhaps seem to indicate as the better policy, toleration of error in order to promote a greater good." The intolerant type of Catholic is quick to quote Christ's words: "He who is not with Me is against Me, and he who does not gather with Me scatters," forgetting that the same Christ said: "He who is not against you is for you."

In spite of great advances, we still have a rather passive laity, a leave-it-to-the-priests attitude, a feeling that there is something peculiar about a layman who becomes active and prominent in Catholic movements or work.

**S**IXTY-EIGHT years after *Rerum Novarum* and twenty-eight years after *Quadragesimo Anno*, many American Catholics show no signs of having been influenced by the great papal declarations. The same is true of papal teachings that all men form one great human family, that all are brothers, irrespective of race or nationality, and that each is his brother's keeper.

In spite of our faults, we still think the American Catholic clergy and laity the best in the world. Catholics in other countries excel us in individual items, but for the over-all practice of our faith we don't have to take off our hats to anyone we know.

*Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.*





*Editorials in Pictures and Print*

## Toward a United Germany

Economically and industrially, Germany is the strongest nation in Europe. Her phenomenal recovery from the bitter ashes of defeat dramatically attests to the vitality of her people. Although the 17 million people under Soviet domination in East Germany have economically lagged far behind, yet the 51 million people in West Germany have dynamically forged ahead. Potentially, West Germany is the greatest single military power on the continent. Geographically, she is Europe's greatest bulwark of defense against Soviet armies. Germany has become the strongest stone in the NATO wall. Thus the fate of Germany has become the fate of Europe. With unerring instinct, like the wasp that goes after the vital nerve center of the caterpillar, the Soviets have recognized this and have devised the recognition of East Germany as an opening wedge to collapse European defense. The hassle over Berlin is mostly a matter of Soviet tactics. The main strategy at the moment is the recognition of the East German regime.

The Soviets distinguish between strategy and tactics. The strategy is the fixed goal conceived as vital in their onward march to world conquest. Tactics are temporary ways and means designed to achieve the determined goal. Tactics are always changing, with utter contempt for morality and justice. Hence the alternating cycles of freezing and thawing, smiling and scowling, zigging and zagging. It is fatal for

the free world to interpret a Soviet smile as a sign of Soviet change of goal.

The current Soviet strategy is to win Western recognition of an independent East German state. For this, Soviet propaganda has created the myth of the "two Germanys." So successful has been their propaganda that commonly the German problem is now discussed as a matter of reuniting the "two" Germanys. The Federal German Republic insists there is only one Germany. Historically and legally there is only one Germany. The East German people never seceded from Germany. The legitimate German government at Bonn never ceded the East German people to the Communists. The Communists fear an election among the 17 million people of East Germany where they can count on only 10 per cent allegiance. Only last February, Konrad Adenauer threatened to break off diplomatic relations and valuable trade relations with Egypt when Egypt indicated she would recognize the East German regime.

If the Western powers recognize this puppet regime of the Kremlin, it will mean that we have aided the Soviets to plant a hostile power within the one Germany. This hostile Communist power will then play with all the Socialistic groups and Communists in Germany to effectively bring about the demilitarization and neutralization of all Germany. In this way it will hope, with good reason, to bring about the collapse of the whole European defense. That



*Americans have moved a step closer to securing social justice for all with the publication of Social Principles and Economic Life (see Page 59) by Father John F. Cronin, S.S., Social Action Department, National Catholic Welfare Conference, who here confers with Vice-President Richard Nixon on ways of eliminating bias in firms holding government contracts*

they have a good chance to make this strategy work is indicated by the fact that in the last German elections, the German Socialist Party joining with the FDP rolled up a 45 per cent vote against the Adenauer regime. Much of Adenauer's strength lies in the fact his supporters understand that the power of the United States stands behind him. If we fail him, if we seek a momentary peace by recognizing the East German regime, we have helped set the stage to permit all Germany to be sucked into the Communist orbit.

Europe's safety is at stake. The free world's cause is at stake. And not to be lost sight of is the statement of President Eisenhower last March that the United States does not intend to fight a ground war in Europe. If the strong conventional defenses of NATO are weakened, it will only advance the danger of all-out nuclear war. A strong and united Germany, bolstering NATO, is the best assurance for peace.

### Encouraging Sign of the Times

In an uneasy world there are not wanting encouraging signs of better times ahead. The sustained higher birth rate indicates a big improvement in the evaluation of human life over physical pleasure. Increasing regard for family life, and a desire for living with friends, is a good sign that people have a growing awareness of the meaning of true community. The tendency of political campaigns to be conducted on a basis of issues and personal competence rather than political liquidation of an opponent by dirty mud-slinging is also a sign of improvement. The rather unnoticed but tremendous advances made by Western scholars in digging into the remains of the Middle East and recapturing a clearer and better understanding of the Sacred Scriptures is serving to bring Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic scholars closer together in the world of the spirit. But most recently, in the area of public acclaim, there has been significant development for the better.

**Every age tends to have its particular type of hero.** Since the turn of the century, America successively has seen the public acclaim lavished on the business tycoon, the philosopher-columnist, athlete, movie star, foreign correspondent, and scientist.

In recent months, the death of two great men, Pius XII and John Foster Dulles, has shown a shifting of emphasis in public appreciation. The world-wide interest, the tremendous coverage in mass media, as well as the open testimony from public leaders around the globe, showed a glowing appreciation for such men of wisdom, of integrity, of noble character—men who were architects of peace based on justice.

The death of John Foster Dulles even brought some unusual comment from the Kremlin. Anastas Mikoyan, at an Argentine Embassy reception in Moscow, remarked that "Dulles was a great statesman. He was very intelligent. He was a very strong partisan advocate. We like strong men; we do not like uncertain ones. We prefer such (strong) people to those who are smooth but not intelligent."

The Soviets, despite their perversity, have shaken the world with their noise. They have stirred up nations and civilizations. As a rod of God's anger they have hammered at every weakness in the Western nations. They have needled us into a greater sense of social justice, social solidarity; they have sent us back to scan again the spiritual ideals which once made us great. Now it appears they may even help us get rid of that bane of statesmanship, the weasling politician, the coward, the short-sighted appeaser; men who never did have much hold on the deep meaning of



*Honest labor welcomes help to clean out existing cancers, thereby strengthening whole labor movement. This was seen in award of Quadregesimo Anno Medal by Association of Catholic Trade Unionists to Robert F. Kennedy, counsel for Senate probers. Others: John C. Cort, Pat Napolitano, Joseph G. Kane*

*America's progressive education system is Russia's "greatest secret weapon," says Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, "father" of nuclear submarines. We second his call for better college preparation for capable high school students*



*Joint victims of the Reds, exiled Bishop Cuthbert M. O'Gara, C.P., of Yuanling, China, crowns Lithuanian refugee Regina Kulys "Miss Freedom" in New York*

Warmth of the Holy Father is carried over to U.S. by the new Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, greeted in Washington by Philippine Ambassador Carlos Romulo, an old friend

WIDE WORLD



The spirit of the Good Thief lives on as Diamanto Samartzi, 11, of Greece is helped to a better life through Foster Parents Plan "adoption" by inmates of San Quentin Prison in California

UPI



GILLOON

Irish actress Siobhan McKenna is charming, but the British didn't think so when she praised on TV I.R.A. gunmen in the Ulster border war. Protests didn't bother Siobhan, who went to Paris to play St. Joan



UPI

Labor leaders George Meany (standing) and David McDonald shape up steelworkers' demands. We've said it before, and we'll say it again: Who argues for the consumer in labor-management negotiations?

life and who always stand ready to sell out every ideal as soon as someone threatens their convenience or comfort. At any rate, there does seem to be a dawning awareness among many people that there are bigger things to hold onto than mere physical life itself. One of the grandest things in life is to meet a person of wisdom and integrity coupled with deep reverence for God and love for one's fellow men. The public acclaim for this type of person is a good sign.

## The Moral Price of Racial Injustice

Catholics generally are sensitively aware of the profound moral implications of racial discrimination. They know that manifestations of prejudice wound charity and often violate justice. But we wonder if any Catholic source has analyzed the problem more forcefully and persuasively than has the Rev. Martin Luther King.

When the Rev. Mr. King addressed a gathering of five hundred churchmen in Washington in April, he noted the bitter seed sown by racial hatred. First he cited the most obvious result of poverty resulting from discrimination, namely, the loss of a sense of property rights. He stated that it is infinitely harder for hungry men with hungry children to respect the property of others than it is for the well-fed and well-housed.

But he insisted that the deterioration of values is much deeper than this. When an individual is subjected to systematic humiliation, contempt, and ridicule, it is hard for him to think of his tormentors as brothers. Moreover, many members of minority groups give up and accept the idea of their own inferiority. And, with the destruction of their self-respect, there follows a loss of respect for others and a general decline of moral values.

But hatred and injustice also hurt the perpetrator. They give him a false and uneasy sense of superiority. They deprive him of a genuine humility, honesty, and love. The habit of treating his fellow man as a tool brutalizes and degrades the person who thus rejects the inner value of the human person.

Here we run into the key problem of racial discrimination, or any other form of tyranny that involves denying basic human rights. It tends to be self-perpetuating, since it hurts both the victim and the aggressor. Both groups are deprived of the moral strength needed to reverse the process.

**A new force must intervene to break this impasse.** That new force, as was pointed out by our Catholic bishops last November, is best furnished by the religious leaders of the community. The love of neighbor motivated by the Christian virtue of charity penetrates beneath the hardened surface of custom, the result of a long-entrenched pattern of abuse, and sees in the victim the soul for which Christ died.

As a result, the true Christian does not accept as excuses for inaction the sordid trains of abuses that often accompany slum living. Rather he realizes that this is all the greater reason for prompt and effective action. He brings to this action the great virtues of fortitude and prudence. Fortitude gives the courage to overcome obstacles, and only the blind fail to realize the seriousness of the obstacles faced in promoting racial justice. Prudence gives perspective and inclines us to move wisely toward the end we have in view.

If the religious forces of our nation, both individually and jointly, could bring to this issue the healing balm of Christian charity, there is every chance that the struggle for racial justice would be won. Americans are basically a religious people. They may act on moral appeals, when they would reject an appeal that seemed primarily political.

## VIEWS IN BRIEF

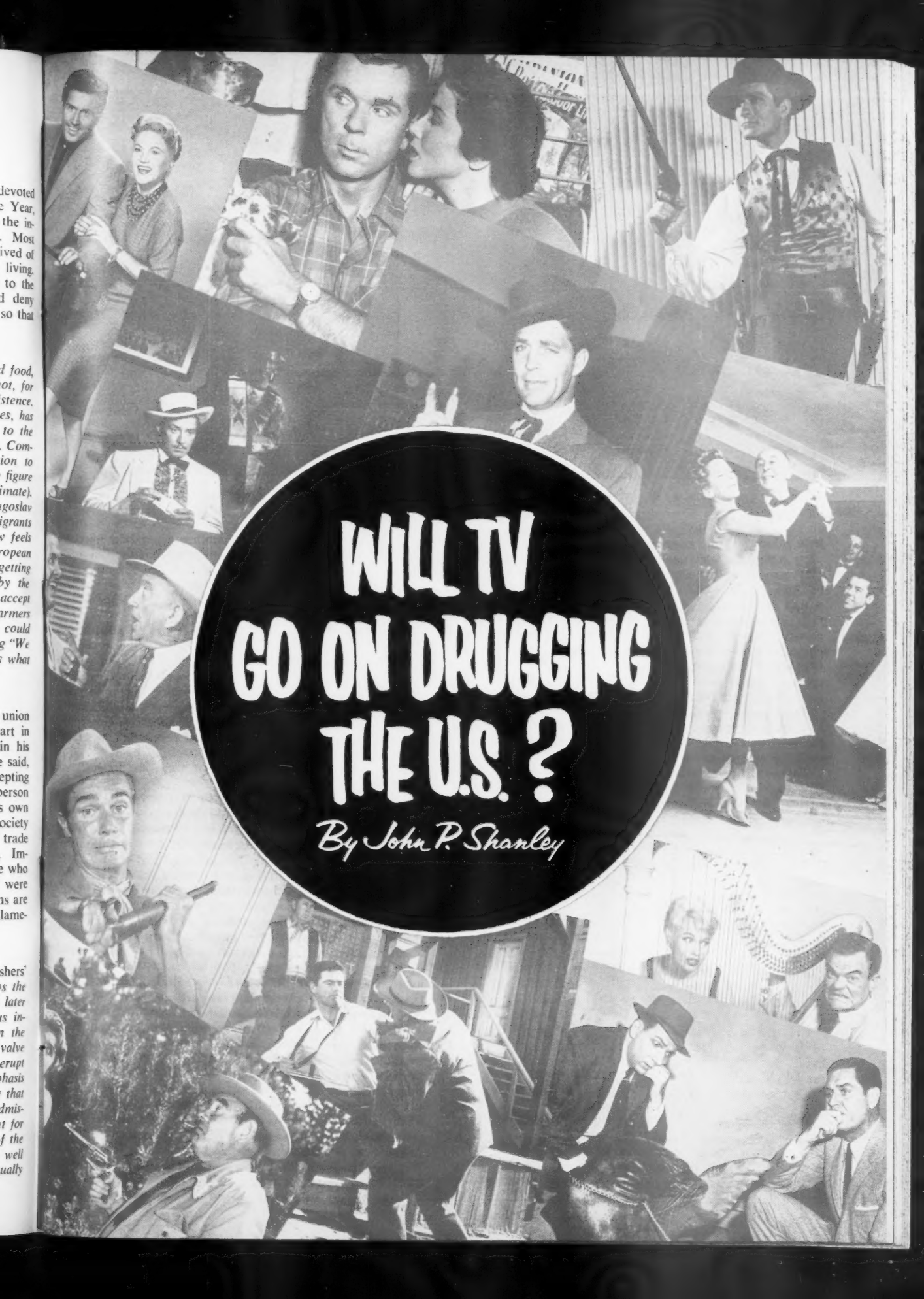
**A Thirst for Justice.** Although THE SIGN has devoted seven pages (25-31) of this issue to World Refugee Year, we feel that no words or pictures can really depict the interminable misery that is the life of today's refugees. Most of us cannot even imagine what it is like to be deprived of literally everything except a shred of hope to go on living. What is worse, we haven't got the guts to face up to the suffering of millions of our brothers in Christ and deny ourselves the luxuries which have become necessities so that we could flood their camps with material help.

**Migration or Stagnation.** Is it enough just to send food, clothing, and medicine to the refugees? Obviously not, for they are looking for a new life, not temporary existence. Catholic Relief Services, one of many private agencies, has a case load of 50,000 refugees who want to come to the U.S. Only a fraction will be successful, since the U.S. Committee for Refugees is asking for Federal legislation to admit 20,000 refugees annually (and many think this figure is much too optimistic in the prevailing political climate). There is certainly no public clamor to aid the Yugoslav refugees, who are mistakenly viewed as economic migrants when in fact they are fleeing Communism. Who now feels a bond of love with the pitiful wretches in jammed European camps? As for the Orientals, few have any chance of getting to North America because they aren't "accepted" by the people. Yet the hard-pressed South Americans do accept them, and in Brazil especially, Japanese vegetable farmers have improved the economy. A lot more pioneering could be done in the U.S. and Canada if we cast off our smug "We got here first" approach. A vigorous desire to help is what the world's refugees most need from us.

**Taking Part.** Cardinal Godfrey recently reminded union members of their responsibility to take an active part in union activities. There is nothing new or startling in his statement, but it is a good, and needed, reminder. He said, in part: "Membership of a union is one thing, but accepting the responsibility of membership is another. . . . The person who joins a society tacitly accepts its purpose and his own responsibility to work for the ends for which the society exists. It is all the more important in the case of trade unions. . . . What we need is a flight from apathy. Important issues can be imperiled by the absence of those who would certainly support them enthusiastically if they were present to give their vote at the meetings when decisions are taken. Irresponsible absence from such meetings is blameworthy in the highest degree."

**It Will Out.** Harriet Pilpel, writing recently in Publishers' Weekly against any kind of censorship, said: "Perhaps the social sciences will come to the rescue—and sooner or later show what and whether 'obscene' material can do us individually or collectively any harm. Or whether, on the other hand, such material may not represent a safety valve for the draining off of impulses which might otherwise erupt into anti-social behaviour." Here is no longer the emphasis on preserving man's freedom. No longer the argument that the obscene is difficult to define. Here is the simple admission that the moral effects of such material don't count for a tinker's damn. Here is, in fact, the encouragement of the obscene because of its social benefits! It is, perhaps, well that the opponents of censorship keep writing. Eventually they say what all along we could only infer or suspect.





# WILL TV GO ON DRUGGING THE U.S.?

*By John P. Shanley*



**T**RASHY and inconsequential programs have taken over American television as never before. They are monopolizing the attention of the nation in a way that can only be described as critical. The TV outlook for next season is as bad, if not worse, than the record since last fall. Once again we shall be subjected to an almost incessant barrage of Westerns, crime shows, silly situation comedies, and other forms of shallow diversion that can, if attended without selectivity, convert us into a nation of dream weavers, uninformed, uninquisitive, and painfully unequipped to face the challenges of life in an age of crisis.

The extent to which we waste time watching television has reached staggering proportions. In many households the electronic Svengali in the living room or den casts its spell for as long as one-quarter of each day.

To meet the requirements of this unreasonable demand for diversion poses a gigantic problem for any television station. It would be fatuous to expect that, confronted with the need for supplying programs to fill the day and night hours, the telecasters could maintain constantly high standards even if they tried.

And no one should attempt to deny the advisability of having a certain number of adventure programs (including Westerns) on the air, as well as fun and games and other frothy items that are not cerebral in their approach. Greece had its Aristophanes as well as its Aeschylus. Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* has lived along with his *Hamlet*.

But the television scales have been tilted far off balance. The worthwhile program—a news or special events presentation, a religious or inspirational telecast, a drama of substance and value, an offering that contributes to appreciation of real music—is a precious oasis in a desert of drivel.

Children and teen-agers are the most vulnerable victims of the deplorable system of values maintained by broadcasters in response to what the public appears to prefer on the TV screen.

Our youngsters are the target for such programs as the *Dick Clark Show*, a tremendously popular, six-times-a-week exercise in abominable melodies, often sung by vocalists whose income and prestige are as magnificent as their talents are puny.

Again, it should be noted that in limited doses even a program of this caliber should be tolerated. Rock 'n' roll,

as much as some of us from another generation may deplore it, has the same kind of appeal to today's youngsters as "swing" and other musical fads once had for others. It would be despotic and dangerous to try to suppress programs like the Clark show. Proportion and balance should prevail.

But adults are not immune, either, from the lethal effects of too much exposure to televised trash. And this avalanche is bound to have serious and far-reaching effects if it continues. One of the authorities who recently expressed deep concern about it is himself an outstanding television commentator, Edward R. Murrow declared that during a period of "grave and perhaps mortal danger" for our country, television, in the hours when most people are watching, is giving to its public "a diet that tends to cause it to be indifferent, that tends to insulate it from the realities of the world in which it lives."

Father William F. Lynch, S.J., of Georgetown University and former editor of *Thought*, has covered the same subject in his new book *The Image Industries* (Sheed & Ward). He notes that we are already engaged with a powerful enemy in a conflict which is "primarily intellectual and spiritual." He emphasizes the tremendous responsibility of our mass media, particularly television and motion pictures, in this battle. He doubts that their commercial masters will live up to their responsibility unless powerful pressure (the national intelligence) is brought to bear against them.

The reasons for the concern expressed by Murrow and Father Lynch can be understood by simply taking a look at a small portion of the record—e.g., the content of a succession of typical programs presented on a recent night on one of the major television networks.

At 7:30 P.M., just after the dinner dishes had been washed in many American households and families were beginning to gather around the magic box, the network presented one of its popular Westerns, *Buckskin*. The title of that night's installment was "A Well of Gold." Its story line ran something like this: after an old prospector finally strikes a rich lode of gold, his ne'er-do-well sons come home to cash in on their father's good fortune.

The next attraction was *Restless Gun*. This, too, was a Western, dealing with malfeasance. Here is a synopsis: the hero meets an old friend called "Doc," a patent medi-

## A FAMILY INSULATED

Night after night  
millions of American  
families gather in  
front of their TV sets,  
which offer escape  
from the world of reality

BY ED LETTAU

four nondocumentary presentations that had preceded it on the same evening.

When *Goodyear Theatre* ended, viewers were given an opportunity to watch some dancing and, if they chose, to enter the wonderful world of vicarious adventure to which television regularly provides passage. *The Arthur Murray Party* was the show and the feature was a celebrity dance contest in which the winner received a free trip to Europe.

The contestants included such TV "giants" as Bert Parks, Joey Bishop, and Johnny Carson (one of them may be lounging on the beach at Cannes right now as a reward for his achievements on the studio dance floor). The moral might possibly be that America still is the land of opportunity, especially if the program gave new hope for escape from reality to some of the ordinary drudges who were watching it. Their hope is a rather forlorn one, to be sure. But TV often casts a dazzling spell of fantasy over the nation. It's easier to imagine oneself suddenly transported (all expenses paid) to the Riviera than to think about the harsh realities of everyday living.

When Arthur Murray's revelers danced off the screen, the period of what the TV industry calls "prime time" viewing was coming to an end. Many of the faithful who had been attending the programs outlined above soon would be retiring for the evening. They may have stayed around, however, to see the program offered on some stations from 10:30 to 11 o'clock. It was another Western. This chapter of *U.S. Marshal* had an international flavor. One of the leading characters was a Hungarian Freedom Fighter who had fled to the U.S. after the crushing of the anti-Soviet rebellion in his country. When the patriot went out West, however, he found that his life still was in jeopardy.

These were the shows being offered to the public on a typical weekday night in 1959 by one network. It should be made clear that the general quality of concurrent attractions presented by the other networks was not much different. The Western, the variety program, the crime story, and the vapid situation comedy dominated the small screen through the season.

On the very day on which these programs were shown,



**THE AUTHOR:** John P. Shanley keeps in close touch with TV trends as Radio-Television Editor of the *New York Times*. He also lectures at Fordham

cine salesman. "Doc" makes the mistake of selling his nostrum, which has a high alcoholic content, to a customer who has a heart disorder and has been warned not to drink.

Viewers who had not yet tired of this kind of entertainment—and it should be noted that, according to the rating services, there were millions of them—then had a chance, without so much as touching the dial, to see an episode in another Western, *Wells Fargo*. This chapter was subtitled "The Rawhide Kid" and its story line took the following form: after a series of shootings the hero decides that the Rawhide Kid, an outlaw who had vanished many years before, was back in action. He cleverly reached this conclusion by observing that the victims of the new crime wave were all former members of the Kid's gang.

It was 9 o'clock by the time the Kid was brought to justice. The Western cycle for that night was not yet completed, but it was interrupted for a while. The next show on the network was an installment of the crime series *Peter Gunn*. In fairness to the network it should be pointed out again that this is a program that has won great popularity with audiences.

*Gunn* is one of the recent additions to the ranks of fictional sleuths-without-portfolio. He finds trouble wherever he goes and disdains the help of official law enforcement officers. This particular episode opened spectacularly. A well-to-do woman staggers into a barroom called Mother's (a sentimental touch), asks for Peter Gunn, and dies. Her demise is attributed to poison. Gunn investigates, visiting a yacht on which the woman lived. There he meets trouble in the person of the aggressive skipper of the yacht.

Apparently the deeds of violence that occur with such unflagging regularity on *Peter Gunn* do not account entirely for its popularity. Another attraction is an original orchestral accompaniment for each episode. The music has won particular favor among teen-agers and college students who apparently enjoy melodic maiming, syncopated strangling, and miscellaneous acts of crime and passion in jazz tempo.

The next entry on the network's schedule was a refreshingly civilized production in the *Goodyear Theatre* series. The program dramatized the true story of an act of heroism by a U.S. Air Force officer. There were indications, however, that it was not attended by as large an audience as the



a meeting of the leading broadcasting executives of the nation was held in Chicago, where concern was expressed over the growing criticism of television.

The broadcasters' views were summarized by the head of one network who talked about the "unflattering image" of TV that was being created in some quarters. He deplored "the constant repetition of slogans designed to make television viewing a symbol of inferior status."

The speaker showed no inclination to concede that there was justification for the complaints against television. He referred instead to broadcasting as an institution that offers the average American "unparalleled opportunities for cultural and intellectual experience."

Supporting his position, the broadcasters appointed a committee entrusted with the responsibility of, in effect, convincing the public that television is better than ever. The committee's mission is an extremely difficult one.

For there are storm warnings that next season's programs may be even less substantial than previously. Here is a list of some of the new shows under consideration for next season by one network:

*The Jacksons* (situation comedy), *June* (situation comedy), *Fibber McGee and Molly* (comedy revival), *Mike Shane* (mystery-detective), *Philip Marlowe* (mystery-detective), *Wichita Town* (Western), *Iron Horseman* (adventure), *Trace Hunter* (Western), *Bonanza* (Western), *Laramie* (Western), *Saddle Tramp* (Western), *River Boat* (adventure), *Whispering Smith* (adventure), *Jeopardy* (crime), *Immigration Service* (crime), *Black Cat* (mystery).

On the face of it, this is indeed a forbidding prospectus for anyone seeking what have been called "unparalleled opportunities for cultural and intellectual experience." It is not, of course, a complete or fair picture of what we may expect next term. Some of these projected attractions will be shelved and there will be other new programs—dramatic, inspirational, discussion, historical, current events, and musical—that will be of genuine merit.

To state the problem in positive terms, we know the wonderful possibilities to inform and enlighten the nation. Its coverage of major elections and special events such as the Senate Crime Committee hearings and the dispute between the Army and the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy captured the attention and the respect of the entire country.

More recently, too, TV has given further evidence that it can do a superb job in many areas. To reach a reasonable conclusion about the state of the medium, the programs of value should be weighed along with the empty, escapist attractions.

During the past season there were such delightful and inspired entertainments as *An Evening With Fred Astaire*, Bing Crosby's special programs, and *Art Carney Meets 'Peter and the Wolf.'* Leonard Bernstein provided a series of splendid presentations in which he brilliantly played and lucidly explained classical and popular music.

There were fine dramatic offerings, including James Costigan's *Little Moon of Alban*, J.P. Miller's *Days of Wine and Roses*, David Karp's provocative *The Plot to Kill Stalin*, Horton Foote's expert adaptation of William Faulkner's novel *The Old Man*, and the Old Vic Company's *Hamlet*.

In the news field during the same period there were the impressive filmed stories of the life and death of Pope Pius XII and the coronation of Pope John XXIII. *The Face of Red China* was a comprehensive documentary detailing with devastating effect the tragedy of Communist rule in the world's most populous nation.

Camera coverage of the Air Force's first lunar rocket brought vivid scenes to the nation's viewers less than eight minutes after launching. And there were scenes of Cuba in revolt, sent instantaneously to TV audiences in the U.S.

The season's educational programs have included the excellent network series *Continental Classroom*, financed largely by a grant from N.B.C. There were other superior educational telecasts available on a regional or local basis, including the justly praised *Sunrise Semester* programs on WCBS-TV in New York.

Outstanding religious and inspirational programs included the *Catholic Hour's* "Rome Eternal," the Christophers' programs, and *Look Up and Live*.

In the New York area, WNTA-TV, an enterprising independent station, proved that the art of intelligent conversation can make fascinating television through programs such as *Open End*. These discussion shows, involving lively and sometimes opposing opinions by notables in the arts, sciences, and other fields, were recorded on videotape—another remarkable by-product of television. They are now being syndicated and will be seen in many other parts of the country.

These positive achievements are representative of what television can do when its skilled technicians and artists are given their way with worthwhile material. The results often have been brilliant. But the roster of creditable accomplishments is pitifully short contrasted to the flood of trivia projected at audiences almost constantly.

And far too often the programs of genuine merit are shown in a Sunday morning or afternoon time period when many viewers are attending church services, traveling, or otherwise so occupied that they cannot see the telecasts.

It has been often said that the only way TV can be improved is to bring pressure on those who control the medium. It is characteristic of most of us, however, that if we see something on the TV screen that is shallow or objectionable, we merely grumble about it. Few of us take the trouble to make our views known where they count—with the sponsors who are subsidizing the programs so that they may sell more of their products. Many parents are disturbed and angered by the kind of entertainment to which their children are exposed on TV. But most parents do nothing to change the situation.

Professional television critics on newspapers and magazines do not exert sufficient influence to bring about the necessary housecleaning. True, the majority of the nation's reviewers have been protesting, season after season, against the electronic garbage they are required to watch. Their adverse notices do not please the sponsors of these programs; in fact, they often anger them. But when the sales graph starts to rise, the critics' objections are quickly forgotten.

Television sometimes is classified as one of the arts. Frequently it is linked with science. But the medium as we know it day by day is fundamentally a merchandise mart. If only a small part of the millions of viewers who are not satisfied with what TV offers them took direct action—by demonstrating to advertisers that they will not buy the products recommended on inferior shows—there would be a swift reaction. Much of the televised rubbish would die quickly.

Public pressure does not have to be entirely negative. Thoughtful viewers can insure the continuation of more desirable programs by letting the sponsor know his offerings are appreciated and by buying his products whenever possible.

Unless there is concerted action of this kind, the telecasts will continue to give the public what it appears to like. There will be more campaigns to convince us that television is good for us in its present form. The real answer to the question, "How bad is TV?" may continue to be, "Worse than ever." And our destiny as a nation may be increasingly imperiled.





# THE CASE OF THE COLOR-BLIND JUDGE

ED LETTAU

**Judge Harold A. Stevens is the first Negro member of  
New York State's second highest court**

**by MILTON LOMASK**

When in 1958 Harold A. Stevens was appointed to the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court, about the only interested person who was not surprised was Judge Stevens himself.

The significance of the event lay in the fact that Stevens—first Negro to represent his district in the state legislature, first to be elected to New York City's Court of General Sessions, and first to be elected to the State Supreme

Court—now became the first Negro to sit on the bench of the second highest court in the Empire State.

The significance of the unassuming manner in which Stevens accepted his new post and buckled down to work is underscored by his fellow-Catholic and fellow-jurist, the Honorable John F. X. McGohey of the United States District Court for Southern New York. Says Judge McGohey:

"In the course of a long professional

association with Justice Stevens, I can honestly say that never for one second have I had the feeling of being in the presence of a man who asked any quarter for, or made any point of, being a Negro."

Judge McGohey punctuates his statement with an engaging smile. "Don't get me wrong," he adds. "Judge Stevens knows American history. He knows our past well enough to realize that his appointment to one of Ameri-



*The Judge's mild manner contrasts with his forceful words*

ca's most important courts was a unique development. The point is that he has enough faith in America's future to act as if it were not."

A veteran attorney said, "Every lawyer I've ever heard mention Judge Stevens says the same thing: He's a perfect judge, wise, restrained and judicious."

Father John LaFarge, famous author and former editor of the Jesuit weekly *America*, has described Stevens as the possessor of "a nature that is tranquillity at its best."

Retired Judge Jonah J. Goldstein, who served with Stevens on General Sessions, has said, "No priest, rabbi, or minister ever goes to his altar with greater humility than does Judge Stevens to his judicial bench."

A reporter briefed in this manner can be excused for approaching his subject in trepidation, fearful that His Honor in the flesh prove too awesome for words, or like the Wizard of Oz, something less than his buildup.

A few minutes with Harold Stevens puts all such fears to rest.

He is a slight man, carrying 145 pounds on a five-foot-eight-inch frame. He has a poet's face and exceptionally large and expressive eyes. Closely-cropped gray hair, a neat mustache to match, and a tan complexion complete the picture.

In the roomy, paneled office of his chambers in mid-town Manhattan, the

Judge sits quietly behind a large desk, on the top of which lie the trial records he is currently studying, and a copy of Harry Golden's *Carolina Israelite*. He smiles easily and talks easily—of many things.

Recently returned from a trip abroad, he expresses concern over the "continuing failure of America to put its best foot forward in the eyes of the outside world."

In New Delhi, India, the Judge took part in a ten-day Congress sponsored by the International Commission of Jurists and attended by 160 lawyers and judges from fifty-eight countries.

Conversation with these men has made him "worried" about the effect on foreign minds of Southern resistance to the Supreme Court ruling on public school integration.

"The time is running out," he says, "for us to put our house in order. If it be true that the world is choosing sides between Communism and Democracy, we're going to lose a number of countries with whom it is important we be allied."

The Judge makes it clear that he is thinking principally of Africa, where during the last decade seven new independent states have sprung into being and where a few years hence there will be thirteen such states (exclusive of the Union of South Africa) with a combined population of 113 million.

"The people of these new countries," he goes on, "want to believe in us, but we are making it difficult for them to do so. These countries are old in history but new in self-government. They have experienced neither Communism nor Democracy. Since their people have no first-hand knowledge of our way of life, they are not in a position to allow for our failure to practice what we preach."

"You and I know that trouble in Arkansas or in Virginia is confined to those areas, a drop in the bucket when you think of our country as a whole. But the people of many countries abroad do not understand this. They think of us as a unit. In their eyes whatever happens in one state or two states or five is happening in all fifty."

"Right now we are wooing some countries, so to speak, by aiding them in a material way. That's fine. The fact remains that you cannot win a battle of ideas with things. We're not loading our guns with the right ammunition."

The Judge describes the men with whom he talked in New Delhi as courteous and affable. "They couch their criticisms," he says, "in such polite language that you can't take offense. But one gets the idea. We are making

an especially bad impression in those countries where the people have a tradition of respect for law. There, perhaps, is the crux of the problem. You can imagine the reactions when such people read in the newspapers that some of our Congressmen have stated, or at any rate have implied, their acceptance of disobedience of certain laws.

"The sad thing is that we come far closer to living up to our ideals than most peoples abroad even remotely realize. Where ideology is concerned we have more and better produce to sell than any country in the world. The problem is to find a way of selling it. We mustn't let five Southern states represent America. We must find some means of telling other people what we are really like."

Has the Judge any thoughts as to why we haven't and how we might?

"To be blunt," is his prompt reply, "for the last several years we have lacked the proper national leadership. As a first and practical step it might be a good idea to provide more funds for the United States Information Service."

The Judge's mild manner is in striking contrast to the forcefulness of his words. It is in striking contrast also to his record. Harold Arnoldus Stevens' progress from poverty-stricken beginnings on a Southern truck farm to his present \$37,000-a-year job is a record of hard obstacles overcome, hard times endured, and hard battles for firmly-held beliefs.

A recent visitor to John's Island, South Carolina, where Stevens was born fifty-two years ago, describes it as "a place so desolate and backward, it is really a miracle that a man of Judge Stevens' poise and deliberativeness could have come from it."

A partial explanation, no doubt, is that the Judge was born into a family with a strong cultural tradition. On his mother's side, his grandfather, a Methodist Episcopal Minister and a reconstruction-era graduate of the University of South Carolina, was for years cashier of one of the first Negro-owned banks in the U.S. His paternal grandfather was a leader in early movements in South Carolina to obtain education for his race. His paternal grandmother was one of the first graduates of Hampton Institute in Virginia.

When Harold was three his father died, and it is probable that what he describes as "a lifelong desire to be a lawyer" took form shortly afterward

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when his mother, unable to obtain competent legal aid, was forced to give up the family farm and move with her four boys to her parents' home in Columbia, South Carolina. When Harold was seven, his mother became the wife of the Reverend John D. Whitaker, a Methodist minister and a widower with four children of his own, all of them older than Harold.

For several years, because of the Reverend Whitaker's shifting ministerial assignments, the family lived in various parts of South Carolina. But Harold's education was not neglected, and in 1926 he entered Benedict, a Baptist Home Mission college for Negroes in Columbia.

In Harold's student days Benedict's scholarly standards were not high enough in the minds of students hopeful of going on to graduate schools in the North, and Harold became the ringleader in a battle for improvements in curricula and faculty.

For weeks the students went on strike, remaining away from classes in an effort to gain their objectives. In the end, as a one-man committee named by the student council, Stevens conferred with the college president, a conference that produced a limited number of changes.

On Harold's graduation day, the commencement address was delivered by a new president, who made no bones of his relief that "certain of our students will be leaving us as of this occasion."

One of these "certain students," Harold Stevens, was shortly on his way to Boston, Mass. His plan was to seek entrance in the law school of Boston University, a plan that soon became a case of hope deferred owing to a series of misfortunes. His mother died and, while working as a bellhop in a suburban hotel, Harold's meager savings were wiped out by a serious operation followed by a long illness.

To this day the Judge can no longer recall just why, when he was at last able to enter law school in 1932, he enrolled not at nonsectarian Boston University but at Catholic Boston College. He does recall it as being an important step in a spiritual pilgrimage that culminated four years later, when he was received into the Catholic Church.

In common with many converts, the Judge finds it difficult to put his finger on all of the influences bearing on this turning point in his life. During his Benedict College days, he experienced a period of spiritual unrest on the heels of a local tragedy. From a jail in nearby Aiken, a mob dragged out a Negro woman, eight months pregnant, and her two brothers, all of them on

trial for the murder of a sheriff. The woman and the two men were shot and their bodies mutilated. A Negro defense attorney escaped a similar fate only because some level-headed white citizens contrived to "kidnap" him from the mob. What most "shocked and disturbed" Stevens was that not "a single Southern church, including my own, so much as uttered a word in protest."

"I wasn't the first Negro to attend Boston College," he recalls, "but I was the first to enter the Law School. The thing that got me right from the start was that no attention was paid to this whatsoever. I was treated just like any other student."

A vivid interest in the teachings of the ancient doctors of the Church led Stevens along the road to conversion. The final steps were taken when, after graduating from Boston College and becoming the second half of the law firm of Andrews and Stevens in New York's Harlem, Stevens made the acquaintance of Father LaFarge and of George K. Hunton, editor of the *Interracial Review*, the lively monthly published by the Catholic Interracial Council. Stevens was later president of the Council.

An interesting sequel of all this took place more than a decade later in Albany, N.Y., where Stevens spent four years as a member of the state legislature. His roommate there was another famous New York Negro, brilliant and rich-voiced Hulan E. Jack, then a member of the Assembly, now Borough President of Manhattan. A Baptist by birth, Jack credits his own conversion to Catholicism to the example of his Albany roommate.

Another person who has followed Stevens into the Church is his wife, the former Ella C. Meyers, whom Stevens first met as a seventh-grade student of the Columbia school, of which Mrs. Stevens' father was principal. The Stevenses were married in 1938. For the last seven years they have lived in a conservatively-furnished first-floor apartment a stone's throw from the main buildings of City College in upper Manhattan.

An attractive and thoughtful woman, Mrs. Stevens was a teacher for many years at a public school in Harlem. Since her retirement, she has been active in the organizations of her church, Our Lady of Lourdes. She is active also in an organization currently raising

*(Continued on page 66)*

*Judge Harold A. Stevens and his wife, Ellen. She followed him into the Catholic Church*





Togetherness, leaderless groups, personality tests, and learning to belong may all be silly fads for rootless people; or maybe they indicate America's search for community

# CONFORMITY

FOR MANY YEARS it has been the fashion that after-dinner speakers deplore the decline of American greatness. Countless thousands of business and professional men have been warned that measures such as social security or the seniority system threaten to destroy American incentive and ingenuity. Corporation executives have been urged to depart from the banquet table with a mission to spread the gospel of hard work and rugged individualism to a younger generation which has grown soft and allowed itself to be deceived by alluring promises of comfort and security.

These talks have taken on something of the nature of a ritual to which no one really pays much attention. But within the last few years a new group of critics has arisen with a similar but much more sophisticated criticism of American life. They see the United States threatened with a new tyranny—the tyranny of the all-powerful group which demands total conformity from each of its members. Individual creativity, we are told, is being destroyed by the new American worship of the group. "Conformity" and "security" have become the magic words to explain all the ills of American society.

The critics make an extremely good case for their analysis. "Togetherness" has become a way of life as well as a clever advertising slogan. Families are urged to diet together, to go to "the church of their choice" together, to play together, to wear the same color bathrobes, to do their housework together, to paint pictures together. Husbands are told that their place is in the home and scarcely raise a sound in protest; they have become so adept at household chores that they are referred to as "The New Servant Class." With his hands in dishwater and the apron strings firmly tied, the male achieves a happy domesticity which, together with his bridge and cub-scout activities,

shields him from the harsh problems of the world outside the home.

From their earliest days, children are taught the values of the group. Teachers no longer give grades or urge pupils to academic competition. The teacher is not an instructor who imparts knowledge but a "resource person" who "sparks sharing" and is very careful not to interfere with the dynamics of classroom groups by communicating opinions, attitudes and ideas. The student, eager to advance in the mechanics of life adjustment, can take such subjects as "how to be liked," "how to get along with the crowd," "how to get closer to dad." IBM machines which can record only "yes-no," "right or wrong," or "check one" answers determine whether the studious teen-ager will pass the dreaded college board exams. Small wonder that the potential collegian is discouraged from thinking in terms of "maybe" or "there's something to be said for both sides."

The Group has taken over in the business and professional worlds. The brilliant industrial autocrat has been replaced by committee management with its constant reports and counter-reports, its tons of memos and counter-memos. Research is done no more by a lonely, starving Edison or Bell, but by a well-fed group of paid scientists working on assigned projects. Planning is not the work of one man with uncanny hunches but rather the product of frantic group "brainstorming" where debate and criticism are ruled out and everyone tries to feel that the session is "like playing a game." Younger executives are chosen not so much on their powers of intelligence but on their ability to get along with people and the "profile" that their personality tests reveal. In medicine, the single specialist is becoming a thing of the past, following in the footsteps of his lowly predecessor, the general practitioner. Group practice and the gigantic

clinic have been found to be far more efficient. Joint research projects and interdisciplinary co-operation are the fashion on university campuses.

The "team spirit" is permeating our national government. Motivation Research and its spurious offspring, subliminal advertising, aim no longer at the isolated individual but at the "opinion makers" in the group. Political candidates are merchandised for their group appeal in the same fashion as deodorant.

To prove the sorry effect of "groupism," the critics point to the recent studies of the present generation of collegians. The "hope of the future" are apparently a conservative—not to say stodgy—lot who expect little more out of life than a comfortable suburban domesticity and a job which will enable them to develop some of their social skills while not interfering too much with family happiness and security. To fight to the top, to serve mankind, to change the world—these are the farthest thoughts from their quiet little minds.

So the critics of groupism rest their case. Hamlet, they observed, could not have been written by a committee, nor could a group have painted the Mona Lisa or designed the dome of St. Peter's. If there is a potential Shakespeare in our midst, he is writing ad copy on Madison Avenue. If there is a potential Abraham Lincoln, he is grinding out nonsense about Militant Liberty for the Defense Department. If there is a potential Edison he is hamstrung by a group at the GM Research Center. If there is a potential St. Thomas Aquinas, he is busy counting noses so that the statistics in his doctoral dissertation will get him a job teaching life adjustments to high school sophomores.

Thus speak the critics, and the thoughtful observer cannot help wondering whether theirs is a penetrating



# Y or COMMUNITY?

by ANDREW M. GREELEY

description of American society at mid-twentieth-century or a cruel caricature. Have we Americans really lost faith in democracy, in the ability of a man to make his own decisions and determine his own fate? Has the group really replaced the individual as the important unit in our society? Are we bound for enlightened collectivism?

There is no denying the increased importance of conformity as a cultural force in our society. Groupism is part of the spirit of the times. The criticism of the anti-groupists is in great part true; but, like many other brilliant sociological insights, it is not the whole truth. For the picture to be complete, certain qualifications must be added, the reasons behind the new phenomenon must be investigated, and its possible merits must be assessed.

Reading some of the articles written on the subject one would think that conformism is something new. Actually it is as old as human nature. There was precious little room for creative individualism in the Greece of Socrates, the England of James I, or the America of Cotton Mather. Innovations or deviations from the norm have always been viewed askance by established society. Modern suburbanites did not invent conformity or togetherness; it could even be debated whether they or the social critics are the ones to have rediscovered it.

We might even question how many of our ancestors were rugged individualists in any sense of the words. The pioneer spirit about which we hear so much characterized only a small minority of American society at any given time since the Revolution. Only a very few of the pioneers objected to settling down to a very quiet, conforming domesticity when they got a chance. Unless they were forced to by economic adversity, only a very few shared Daniel Boone's legendary urge to keep moving. Nor were many of our forefathers

counted among the captains of industry who, we are told, made America great.

As a matter of fact, most of our grandparents were poor, confused immigrants who hardly came close to the classic notion of the rugged individualist of the frontier. If they were rugged, it was because they had to be to survive the rigors of crossing the Atlantic and the miseries of nineteenth-century industrial society; if they were individualists, it was because it took them several years to realize that the only way to obtain their rights was to organize into groups for self-protection.

It is to these immigrants we must look if we are seeking an ultimate reason for the re-emergence of conformity in our society. When they departed from their little farming villages, they left behind a precious quality of human living which modern industrial society does not offer—community. If conformity has become a characteristic of our suburban culture, the reason is that the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of the immigrants are seeking to regain some of the community which was typical of peasant society. Conformity is but a cheap imitation of community.

There is no reason to glorify peasant society. It had its many faults, and its passing is by no means a tragedy. But it did meet certain human needs that modern industrialism has yet to satisfy. Stability, affection, personal loyalty, friendship, status, the esteem of one's fellows, a sense of belonging—the village culture was geared to service these needs. Its traditional, organized relationships offered the individual a moral

and psychological center for his life. The emotional satisfaction of the face-to-face contacts of such groups as family, church, work group, and local community quieted deep and abiding human longings. There may have been great physical suffering in peasant society, but at least a man knew who he was and what was expected of him. His emotional world was a secure and uncomplicated one, no matter how grim his physical world might seem.

Immigration and industrialism destroyed the community of peasant culture. The world became vast and complicated. The village became the metropolis. Family, neighborhood, and church had but minor roles to play in the progress of society. The individual was cut adrift in a lonely crowd with no visible place to cast anchor. More physical needs were being met than ever before, but some important psychological ones were being overlooked or ignored in the process. Modern man became isolated and rootless, without position, without status, without anything to which he could belong.

Is it not possible for us to see in the migration to the suburbs, in the religious revival, in the emphasis on domesticity, in the rise of groupism, a vague and uncertain attempt of the grandchildren of the immigrants to resurrect some of the values left behind in the peasant villages of Europe? If this explanation be correct, it is certainly not enough merely to rail against the absurdities of "togetherness"; for "togetherness" is but a corruption of the natural human longing for community and a manifestation of a profound and important development in our nation's history.

It is precisely at this point that the Catholic church's teachings on the relation between the individual and the group become relevant. For Catholic thought, while recognizing that there  
(Continued on page 67)

REV. ANDREW M. GREELEY, Chicago priest and CFM chaplain, has devoted considerable time to a study of suburban life and has lectured extensively on the subject.

by  
**DAN HERR**  
and  
**PAUL CUNEO**



## HOW JOE VILIMAS SAVED

A NEW TYPE of lay apostle has emerged in Chicago, the breeding ground for many vital Catholic lay movements. For years Catholics have been criticized, justly or unjustly, for not contributing their share to community-wide activities. Young Catholics were charged with shying away from involvement in community efforts. Too often Catholic opinion and Catholic influence were conspicuously absent.

"Only a few years ago," says Jessamine Cobb of the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago, "we had trouble finding young Catholic leaders to participate in vital community work. We needed them in our communities to make the leadership truly representative. And now, almost overnight, an exciting change has occurred. Young Catholic leaders in our neighborhoods are making a magnificent contribution to the welfare of the city."

If ever Chicago needed community leadership, the time is now. Torn by tensions, the city is burdened with an ever-growing housing and neighborhood problem, complicated by public and private construction projects that are eliminating thousands of houses, by an inundation of new residents, particularly from the South, and by the evils of racial prejudice.

That young Catholics are showing an active interest in these problems is not surprising to Joseph Vilimas, Jr., a twenty-nine-year-old Chicagoan who is both typical of this new leadership and representative of its best. To Vilimas, community work is an area in which responsible Catholics should become involved.

"It's a natural outgrowth of the doctrine of the Mystical Body," he explains. "As Catholics, we have reached that state of maturity where we must look outside ourselves. We have much to learn and much to contribute by participating with non-Catholics in promoting the general welfare rather than limiting our efforts to the Catholic segment of our society."

Joe Vilimas spent ten years in apostolic work and he feels that community work, to which he is now committed, is simply an extension of his previous interests. He is one of those fortunate people whose major interest and job coincide. With his wife and adopted daughter, Joe lives by choice in one of Chicago's critical neighborhoods, the Chatham-Avalon Park area; he has served voluntarily to help make the Chatham-Avalon Park Community Council the most effective community organization in its area. He has just completed a job with the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago as area consultant for the Citizens Participation Project on Chicago's South Side, which includes his own Chatham-Avalon Park neighborhood.

Chatham-Avalon Park, eight miles south of Chicago's Loop, has a population of 33,000 people in a two-square-mile area. For the most part it is a residential neighborhood; its quiet, tree-lined streets flanked by individual homes and small apartment buildings would indicate to most visitors a typical respectable, middle-class community. But the peaceful appearance of Chatham-Avalon Park belies its real problems. For Chatham-Avalon Park is a "changing neighborhood," a neighborhood in the process of transition from white to Negro.

This transition, the result of racism, has brought unwanted notoriety to the people who live there. In an inflammatory article ("Race Trouble Moves North—Chicago: Negroes pour in, whites move out—the lid could blow off at any time") published by *U.S. News and World Report* and reprinted by *Reader's Digest*, the area was singled out as a scene of continual "racial incidents."

To Joe Vilimas, Chatham-Avalon Park is important not because it is a "changing neighborhood," not because it lies in the path of the outpouring from a no longer containable black ghetto, but because it offers the incentives and the

potential for a community group to organize for its own welfare.

Vilimas moved into the Chatham-Avalon Park neighborhood in 1952, soon after he had married Jacqueline Smith, whom he met while attending DePaul University. He and his wife selected this area for their first home because of a deep, though somewhat vague, desire to help solve the problems that beset it. At first Vilimas was too occupied as sales and promotion manager for Fides, an apostolic publishing company, to give much time or thought to his community welfare aspirations, but as the months went by he found that he could no longer ignore the problems of his neighborhood. He made it his business to discover the causes of the tensions that even a newcomer could detect. He familiarized himself with the area and what was happening to it—trying to learn from observation and conversation what problems it faced.

The Chatham-Avalon Park Community Council looked like the proper channel for his interest. Yet, when he attended his first meeting, he was discouraged. Once a large and vital organization, the council had degenerated into a discordant and ineffectual group whose regular meetings attracted only a handful. One month later he found himself publicity chairman, and one year after that, president of the Council, elected for the sole reason, as he willingly admits, that "I was the only one who would take it."

Every moment he could spare from his job was devoted to the council. At this time, he decided publishing was no longer for him; he resigned his job at Fides and by good fortune secured a new one with the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago, which permitted him to devote more time than ever to his own neighborhood council as well as the rest of Chicago's South Side.

Years of lethargy and dissension had produced a situation where even those who wanted to do something to improve

beginning to change for the worse, Joe Vilimas decided he could do something about the same problems. What Joe did could be an important lesson to you

## A CHANGING NEIGHBORHOOD

Vilimas' neighborhood did not know where or how to begin. The neighborhood, a relatively old one, was beginning to show signs of wear and neglect. Many of the residents had joined the rush to the suburbs and the homogeneous complexion of the area was changing.

But the biggest "problem" of all was discussed either in whispers or in hysterical tones—more and more Negroes were moving in. Fear bred panic. Many residents sold their homes at a loss to shrewd speculators who realized

that they could extract an exorbitant profit from Negro families searching for decent housing.

Other elements were actively fighting the advent of the Negro, trying to stem or even reverse an inexorable tide. Still others, in most cases absentee owners, stopped all efforts to improve or maintain their properties and considered all their income as profit. Some Negro homeowners who were forced to pay far more for their homes than they could afford and many white speculators who saw an opportunity to make even

greater profits began to violate zoning regulations (dividing three-flat apartment buildings into six-flats, for example, or converting private homes into two- and three-family residences). Chat-ham-Avalon Park was on the way to becoming a slum.

The problem, as Vilimas saw it, was to prevent a good neighborhood from degenerating. He did not see it in terms of race but in terms of people in need of decent housing. For the first time he realized the plight of the middle-class Negro who, in his effort to ob-

*Every moment Joe could spare was devoted to the council. Here he discusses a problem with a neighborhood couple*

JACQUES LOWE



tain a home for his family, finds himself constantly under pressure. The Negro has to fight bigoted whites to get a house and then, so desperate is the need for Negro housing (there are 76,000 people to a square mile in Negro areas of Chicago compared with 12,000 per square mile in white areas), he soon finds his neighborhood overcrowded and in danger of being run down. As one homeowner explained: "I sank my last dime in this home and I'm not going to move again. I want to see Chatham-Avalon stay the way it is and I'm ready to fight for it."

The day-to-day story of what has been done in Chatham-Avalon Park by Joe Vilimas, by his fellow worker and successor as president of the council, Tom Gaudette (another young Catholic leader who for months has devoted every free moment away from his job to his community), and by scores of volunteer workers and leaders, shows what people with the right motivation and a willingness to sacrifice can achieve.

The revitalized council promised its members "to make our community a better place in which to work, live, and play." It assured them that with their help it would fight to "maintain standards by upholding building and zoning codes. . . to improve community services (health, garbage collection, sewers, streets, lighting, recreation facilities, and schools), . . to press for adequate law enforcement, . . and to keep in touch with local community organizations and city agencies in promoting a greater Chicago."

Owners of vacant lots in the area had given up any thought of taking care of them and the city authorities just weren't interested. The weed-infested lots were breeding places for insects and hiding places for thugs. It took six weeks and a post-card campaign to get action, but the weeds came down. Controlling the plague of mosquitoes that had found the area particularly suited to their needs was not accomplished as easily. Finally, the council contracted for weekly sprayings of all catchbasins and other mosquito breeding spots, collecting funds from individuals and groups to pay for it.

Cinders were obtained for unpaved, muddy alleys; the police were notified of abandoned cars—some of which had been littering the streets for months; free Xrays for all residents were arranged; a watch-dog committee was appointed to insure that bars and taverns were well policed and regulated; a campaign was inaugurated for a much-needed park, and it was obtained; a "distinguished resident" award was established to honor those who contributed most to the community; an

educational program with forums, lectures, and discussion groups and a publicity program to publicize the council and the area in the community and Chicago newspapers were launched; a committee set to work to get better bus service for residents, a long-standing complaint. Chatham-Avalon Park had never seen such activity.

"See Joe" became a by-word in the neighborhood. Here, at last, was someone you could take your troubles to with reasonable expectation that something would be done about them.

Contrary to expectations and fears, crime had never become a problem in the neighborhood. Police confirmed that much of the existing crime was caused by hoodlums outside the area. One night, however, Joe was shocked by news that a race riot had broken out. With others from the council, hastily notified, he rushed to the trouble spot, a bowling alley. It was soon evident that, despite the fact that one group was white and the other colored, this was no racial battle but an all-too-typical teen-age gang fight over a grievance, imagined or real, between the two groups.

The fight was about over—the danger, however, lay in the large crowd of adults who had quickly gathered. As yet they were unorganized and uncertain, but a slight incident or a loud-mouthed trouble-maker could spark an explosion. Vilimas and his associates went from group to group, explaining the facts, pleading with the people to keep calm and to go home. For a while the outcome was uncertain, but finally a few began to drift away and the immediate threat had been successfully met.

When he met with other council members and advisers late that night, Vilimas knew the "race riot" rumor had been spreading. Vilimas and his friends resolved, despite warning advice from alarmists, to bring out the facts at a council meeting the following evening. The overflow audience was tense as the subject was introduced, but the tension visibly began to ebb away as the whole story was presented, factually and unemotionally. What might well have become a major catastrophe (as has tragically occurred in other areas of Chicago) became just an unpleasant incident.

Although these accomplishments

stand out, the major efforts of Joe Vilimas and the council have been concentrated on the main problem of the area: housing and zoning violations. Victory for the council in its fight to save Chatham-Avalon Park will ultimately depend on victory here. Realizing this, Vilimas was determined to maintain the standards of the area despite changes in population. A housing and zoning committee was one of the first bodies formed; in its first year 39 housing and zoning violations were processed.

Probably the first major success in the short history of the new council was achieved last year. More than 300 residents of Chatham-Avalon Park, organized by the council and led by council president Tom Gaudette, descended on the chambers of the Chicago City Council to protest attempts to rezone a vacant property from one-family to multiple-family (official language for an apartment house). Gaudette warned: "If such nibblings at a community go unheeded, it will not be too many years before the community has slumped so far that it must be marked for renewal."

Not for years had the Chicago City Council seen such a delegation. The group's initiative impressed not only the aldermen but the entire city when it was publicized by the press. The attempted rezoning was successfully blocked and the city council given notice that the people of at least one area in Chicago were alert to what concerned them.

The most recent and by far the most spectacular achievement of the young council was won at the polls in November. As a result of a community-wide crusade, the council amazed skeptical professional politicians by persuading residents to overwhelmingly vote twelve precincts of the area dry. This was not a prohibition campaign, rather one more step in making Chatham-Avalon an ideal residential neighborhood. The campaign was bitter and the victory hard-earned.

Vilimas, now a national consultant in community organization for the Industrial Areas Foundation, maintains his interest and home in Chatham-Avalon Park and knows that even with these successes the area's problems are far from solved. Some of the residents are actively opposed to any activity that does not emphasize "keep the Negroes out." Many of those who are most interested now in improving the area can all too easily and quickly fall back into their lethargy.

But Vilimas has seen the power of people organized for their own welfare. He has seen, too, the need for young leaders willing to help the people help themselves. He represents a challenging form of apostolic action.

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Emil Zatopek, left, and Alain Mimoun tried to thrill Red with their marathon wins, but all the while he was thinking of races by four-legged animals

by  
**RED  
SMITH**

*The Olympics are dandy and all that—but*

## Running is for horses

AFTER TWENTY-SIX ruddy miles of running through London's sultry suburbs, a twenty-one-year-old Belgian named Etienne Gailly called on his last reserves of strength, forged past Argentina's Delfo Cabrera and tottered alone into Wembley Stadium where 82,000 witnesses let go with a shout that almost blew him down. He staggered, reeled, clawed the air for support and wobbled on, but before he could make the single circuit of the track Cabrera caught him and so did Tom Richards, of Great Britain. Clenched teeth gleaming below a black mustache, the Argentinian broke the tape in a race so close that the first four finishers were in the stadium at the same time.

That was the Olympic marathon of 1948.

In 1952 the bouncing Czech, Emil Zatopek, loped along with the crowd over the fir-lined highway to Ruotsinkyla outside Helsinki, tucked up his jersey so his sweaty midriff glistened below

a bra of Soviet-red, and left every rival out of sight on the run back to the stadium.

That was the fastest marathon of all the Olympic Games.

On December 1, 1956, the thermometer registered 80 degrees in the Melbourne Cricket Grounds and forty-six runners were in such a sweat to get going that there was a false start in a race of 26 miles, 385 yards. In the field was a whiskered Algerian representing France who had just learned by cable that he was a father. Alain Mimoun had never in his life run a marathon. He wore the gruesome Number 13 on his jersey. He knew it was an old French custom to win this event every twenty-eight years (a Frenchman had finished first in 1900 and another in 1928).

So he won.

On September 10, 1960, fifty-odd extraordinarily odd characters from assorted nations will go pelting away

from the steps of the Capitol, the sacred hill in Rome where Marcus Aurelius sits on a marble horse in a square designed by Michelangelo.

Setting off at dusk, they'll go slip-pety-slap over streets St. Peter trod—Via dei Trionfi, Viale delle Terme di Caracalla, and at length to the ancient Appian Way where Caesar's legions marched. By then it will be dark, and torches will light the finish line at the Arch of Constantine hard by the Colosseum.

That will polish off the Olympics of 1960.

All this is ginger-peachy. On a recent visit there was opportunity to inspect the preparations Italy is making for next summer's Roman holiday. The facilities will be magnificent. Just the same, it is devoutly hoped that there'll be a race on at Ippodromo delle Campannelle out on Via Appia Nuova.

Olympics are dandy. They get a sportswriter abroad on the expense ac-

count. There is, nevertheless, a firm conviction here that running is strictly for horses.

When the games were held in London in 1948, there was a chance to sneak away to Goodwood, maybe the loveliest race course in the world, for the running of the Goodwood Cup.

Goodwood, situated on the lands of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, is reached by a drive of seventy miles or so along lanes that twist through picture-postcard villages of Surrey. In those days, when the pound was worth \$4, a car and driver could be had for ten pounds, parking space near the grounds cost only a pound, and a general-admission ticket was a mere two-pound five, or \$9. Add a pair of race programs at a shilling each, and a couple had spent only \$62.48 getting into the grandstand.

The English, it was discovered, are a literal people; when they say "grandstand" they mean a grand place to stand. There were no seats, there were no restaurants, no hutches serving sandwiches. There was a bar offering warm champagne and a smaller, infinitely more crowded stand selling warm, flat ale.

The view was magnificent. The course runs along the crest of a lofty ridge, curving like a scimitar. There is no infield, properly speaking; immediately across the track, the earth plunges away in a precipitous dive to meadows so far below that cattle grazing there were mere dots of black and white. For miles and miles beyond were tumbling hills and woods and green pastures and fields of yellow grain.

Naturally, horses were only occasionally visible. They would start a race as faint blobs on the horizon, disappear behind a hill, then reappear as a blur of color coming down the grassy stretch almost directly toward the stands. For many years, descriptions of races in the British press have been a source of fascination. English racing reporters write just as though they had seen the races.

FOR STANDEES in the stands it was a day of punishing heat. Probably it was better along the home stretch rail where the Quality sat in little tents with servitors pouring potables and dishing up comestibles. Outside one, a lady twiddled her bare toes in the grass. Outside another, squatted a gent in his undershirt, just like Bronx nobility cooling off on the fire escape.

No such stiff formality characterized the Swedish Derby at Malmo, an event witnessed en route to the Helsinki Olympics in 1952. Here was a folksy gathering including the King and

Queen of Sweden, ministers from foreign lands, Miss Dolores Del Rio and other horse players of note, casually attired in frock coats and striped pants and gray tophats and brown bowlers and black homburgs and yards of drygoods by Dior.

Maybe the most enchanting sight for a tourist familiar with the scenes about Louisville, Ky., on the first weekend in May, was the town square of Malmo about 10 o'clock Derby Eve. In Louisville, Derby Eve finds maybe 50,000 visitors whooping and brawling and singing in the immediate vicinity of Broadway and Fourth street. In Malmo, a city of about 175,000, the only creatures seen stirring at 10 P.M. were a sailor and his girl walking away from a luncheonette that advertised an American delicacy called a "*varm korv*." The way you eat a *varm korv* is as follows. You hold the roll in the left hand, the nude frankfurter dripping mustard in the right, and bite them alternately.

Derby Day was rainy but the Viking horse player is a hardy breed. Jagersro Galoppningsbana—that's what Swedes call the race track because Churchill Downs would sound silly—swarmed with horse players royal and common, adult and infantile.

Horse players were deep in their form sheets when King Gustav and Queen Louise arrived in a limousine with a license plate numbered M1. The players left off their reading briefly, applauded politely, and went back to the job of handicapping the South Sweden Running Horse Association Purse, called the Skanska Kapploppningshastagareforeningens Pris for short.

A little before the Derby itself, the King quit the royal box, to visit either the paddock or the men's room. There seemed to be no Secret Service agents convoying him. Hesitantly he pushed through the crowd. It was easy to pick him out. He was the tall man in the rain who kept tipping his black homburg apologetically.

Then there were the Olympics of 1956 with the horses running at Flemington, not more than ten minutes by taxi from downtown Melbourne.

You could tuck Belmont and Hollywood Park in a corner of Flemington. With an estimated 65,000 customers present, the vast double-decked stands seemed no more than half full. Flowers blazed on the broad lawn sweeping down to the rail, and the massed bands of the Australian Army tootled and caracoled on the running strip, playing "Waltzing Matilda."

In addition to a big battery of mutual windows, 261 bookmakers hawked prices under green umbrellas. They

took bets not only on the Flemington races, but on horses running that day in Sydney, Perth, and away down in Hobart, Tasmania. You could bet a steed a continent's breadth away and hear the running of his event broadcast by radio in the betting ring.

Maybe the most wonderful feature was the amplified description of the races. We have some great race callers in this country—Freddy Capossela, Raymond Haight, Joe Hernandez. They would love the guy on the public address system at Flemington.

IN COOL, clipped, precise accents he would call each horse at every post according to its position in the race. He was gloriously, blandly confident of his own judgment. With the field as far away as the turn out of the back stretch, he might name the half-dozen in front, tossing in a graphic bit describing how each steed was going, and add the calm suggestion: "and you may forget the rest, I think."

With perhaps a quarter-mile still to go, he'd mention that some horse was moving to the front. "He'll be the winner," he would predict amiably, and correctly.

When the race was over, he would review its developments swiftly. There was one weight-for-age event whose small field included two of Australia's most popular steeds—Redcraze, which most authorities believed would have won the classic Melbourne Cup except for a crushing burden of weight, and Rising Fast, whose smashing finishes had captivated Australian fans as the flashy Styrmie used to rouse the round-heeled mob at Jamaica on Long Island. Both ran out of the money.

Having described the race while it was under way, the public address man summed it up afterward, telling how Sailor's Guide had come on in the straight to overtake the pacesetter and win eased up.

"Redcraze," he said, "was favorably placed in third at the top of the straight and had no excuses, simply couldn't make with the business when asked. As for Rising Fast, well, I'm afraid he's a bit over the hill."

He lowered his voice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if anyone were to tell you that Redcraze and Rising Fast couldn't run to a place in a field of six—why, incredible! Unbelievable! The great uncertainty of the turf!"

The owner of Rising Fast must have heard him. That very same week, he paraded his horse down the stretch for the last time, a band played "The Maori's Farewell," and Rising Fast was retired.



# A YEAR TO REMEMBER THE REFUGEES

World Refugee Year is designed  
to shake the conscience of the world;  
here are the Hong Kong refugees,  
the most forgotten of all



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN  
BY MORGAN VITTENGL, M.M.







*Fire roars through flimsy shacks that are "homes," and in a few hours 80,000 Chinese refugees are homeless once more*

## **"Roof top refugees," Chinese in Hong Kong live in squalor, try to keep hope alive**



*Birth of a refugee: families load sampans on South China coast for dangerous sea journey to Hong Kong*

In the heart-breaking catalogue of refugees around the world, the most pitiful group are the one million Chinese who have fled the tyranny of Communism in the past decade and sought freedom in the British crown colony of Hong Kong, an island off the Red border of China. The refugees now make up one-third of Hong Kong's population, and the area is so jammed that tens of thousands of them live in miserable huts on roof tops. It takes a helicopter to count them.

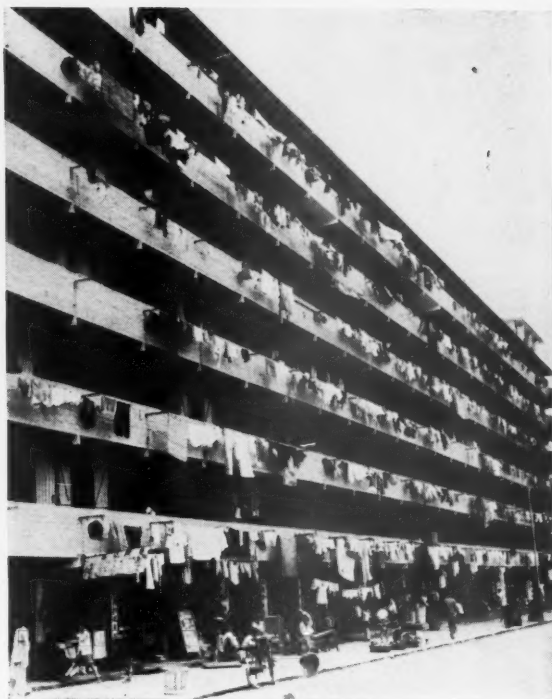
Nobody wants these refugees. Some can go to Formosa and a handful to the U.S., but the great majority must try to integrate themselves into Hong Kong against overwhelming odds. Hardly a square inch of ground is uncrowded. Hardly a refugee over fourteen has not been infected with T.B. Medical facilities are overtaxed and in some clinics doctors see a patient every two or three minutes from 9 A.M. until midnight.

The Chinese refugees, bound together by grief and suffering, are a sickening sore on the human race. Their crowning tragedy is to be forgotten. The aim of World Refugee Year is to bring them, and millions of other refugees, to our attention.





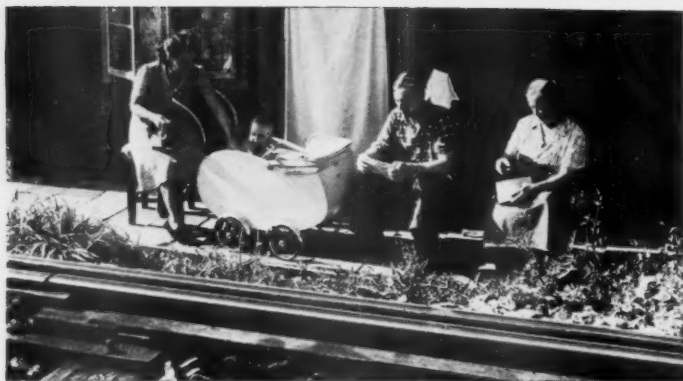
*The only livelihood for this mother is to search among papers and rags for something of value*



*Seven-story apartments built by Hong Kong government can house only a fraction of the refugees*

*These Chinese, burned out once, have found another hut, and endure this horror because the only alternative is Communism*





### AUSTRIA

*On the very edge of a railway track, a German family has set up a "normal" existence. Camp life has become routine for thousands of hard-core refugees*



### PALESTINE

*What does the 1948 Arab-Israeli war mean to this child, one of 25,000 babies born annually in the camps housing one million Arab refugees? He wants security*

### GREECE

*The longer camps of squalor, such as this one near Athens, exist, the harder will be the re-education of children*

## The refugees in every corner of the world are not statistics, but human beings

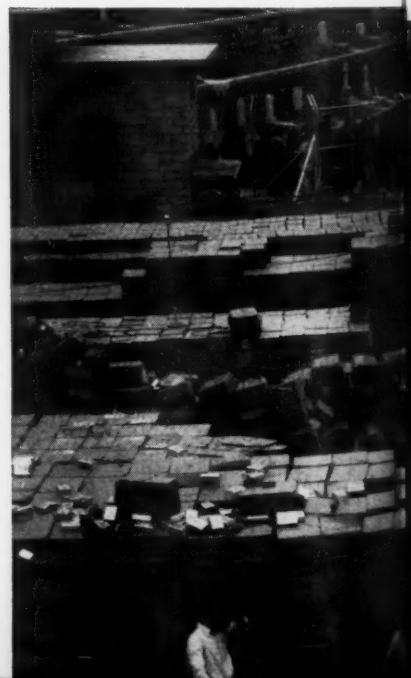
This is the century of the "homeless man," an individual multiplied so many times over that his existence is now taken for granted by the affluent societies. Who is he? He is the flesh-and-blood symbol of the upheavals of the past two decades—the wars, persecutions, revolutions. Actually, he is not much different from the ancestors of Americans except that today the end of his journey is a camp in Austria or tent in Gaza.

Despite their plight, the resilient and resourceful Chinese respond to the helping hands of charity

As if their misery could be increased, the Chinese refugees suffer still more by being victims of a jurisdictional dispute over responsibility for them. Meanwhile, the Hong Kong government has built housing, schools, water mains, and traveling clinics which, while not nearly enough to meet the demand, are better than nothing at all.

Among the voluntary agencies in Hong Kong, Catholic Relief Services—NCWC—has distributed tons of food and clothing, established a low-cost housing plan, and organized self-help projects for the refugees, now making China dolls and noodles.

One thousand priests and Sisters of many religious orders are struggling to help the refugees and give them back a sense of dignity. The genuineness of their aid has aroused the interest of refugees in the Church; many are learning the saving fact that, though the world cares little about them, God does.



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## WHAT WILL WORLD REFUGEE YEAR ACCOMPLISH?



*Clothing—and the knowledge that somebody cares—is distributed at the Maryknoll Sisters Welfare Center. Refugee children are growing up knowing no other life*



*Seeds of distrust are fostered in youngsters by the struggle for survival. One result is a high rate of delinquency*



*Father Arthur Dempsey, M.M., of Peekskill, N.Y., imported aluminum looms from U.S. and set up this co-op weaving factory. Refugees are not only willing, but desperately want jobs like these*



*Food from the U.S. has arrived at the Bishop Ford Memorial Center, and with it long lines of the hungry. Catholic Relief Services officials distribute it as quickly as possible*





## Will we shelter the refugees?

Why has the refugee become the world's forgotten man? On how many faces is his gaunt look of hunger and hopelessness repeated? What lies ahead for him during World Refugee Year, starting July 1? The collective question of the world's refugees poses a gigantic and crucial problem in the most human of terms—freedom, jobs, homes, food, hope. For an authoritative picture of the refugees, THE SIGN interviewed James J. Norris, European director of Catholic Relief Services—National Catholic Welfare Conference, and president of the International Catholic Migration Commission (Geneva). An internationally known social welfare leader, Norris has supervised the resettlement of 300,000 refugees in many countries and organized agencies and conferences to aid refugees. He has been decorated by West Germany, Greece, Spain, the Polish government in exile, and the Vatican.

### Mr. Norris, are the Americans bored with refugees?

The word "refugee" has lost the interest of people because the problem has been going on for so long. I don't think the average American is aware of the seriousness of their suffering. As you move around the country, you can see that most Americans are far removed from the problem.

### Can't the communications media stir up interest?

We hope they will, especially during World Refugee Year. Certainly the press, radio, and TV can awaken people. And here's the thing to remember—once our people become really aware of the problem, as in the case of the fleeing Hungarians in 1956, they are extremely generous.

### How vast is the refugee problem?

The numbers are almost unbelievable. There have been 40 million refugees since the end of World War II. The

situation is constantly changing, but there are about 25 million homeless and uprooted people in the world today. This figure contains many millions in India and Pakistan who have never been able to resettle since the border dispute between those two countries.

The main focus of World Refugee Year will be on such groups as: the 120,000 refugees in Europe who are still unsettled; the 15,000 refugees who escape from East Germany each month, pouring into West German camps which already number half a million; the 170,000 Algerian refugees in Tunisia and Morocco; the 900,000 refugees in Palestine; the one million in Hong Kong; the great numbers in Korea and Vietnam, and the new group escaping from Yugoslavia.

### Which are the most critical areas of refugees?

*First*, the Hong Kong group, who have now swelled to one-third the population of the British colony. Huge numbers of them live in squalid conditions, on roof tops and in shacks where fire is a constant fear.

*Second*, the Palestine refugees, most of whom still need help in the form of relief and resettlement. The U.N. provides the basic food ration, but it is just a bare minimum, so that private agencies, such as the Pontifical Mission for Palestine, aided by Catholic Relief Services, are called on for a good deal of help.

*Third*, the "old" refugees of Europe, who have never been resettled. Thousands of children have been born to this group, and the youngsters are so used to camp life that they wouldn't know how to live in a community. This is a case by case job for our workers, trying to help each family to get out of camp and learn to live all over again. Then, there is another hard core of families who have one member physically handicapped, or with T.B., and who will not emigrate or resettle until that person is taken care of.

*Fourth*, the fleeing Yugoslavs, whose status as refugees from Communism is not recognized by some governments, thus don't receive the benefits which are due to them and have become an extra burden on the shoulders of the already overloaded private agencies.

### Mr. Norris, who's behind the World Refugee Year, and what exactly will it consist of?

In 1957, Msgr. Edward E. Swanstrom, executive director of Catholic Relief Services, proposed to the International Catholic Migration Commission meeting in Assisi that a year be set aside to arouse interest in the population problem and refugees, much as the International Geophysical Year accented science. Later, some British parliamentarians made the same proposal. Then the idea was discussed at the United Nations and 59 countries voted for the World Refugee Year. The U.N., through a Secretary appointed for the job, will try to stimulate governments and agencies to give special consideration to refugees, and then coordinate all the activity. The U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees is involved in the Year, but only part of the world's refugees come under his jurisdiction.

### Then, there will be national committees working on the problem during the Year?

Yes, for example, the U.S. Committee for Refugees. The task of the national committees is to launch an educational and publicity campaign to show the public that far from being solved, the refugee problem is even more acute now than at the end of World War II. The U.S. Committee for Refugees has already recommended a Federal appropria-



tion of \$10 million over the present outlay for refugee programs, new legislation permitting the annual immigration of 20,000 refugees beyond those permitted by existing quotas, generous Federal allocation of surplus goods, and intensified action by voluntary agencies to raise \$20 million over the normal campaign goals for refugee aid.

**Will these committees be able to stir the conscience of the world?**

Well, that's difficult to foretell, but if they can get through to people that this is a dynamic problem a lot will be accomplished. Maybe then governments will be more generous in admitting refugees. The average government takes only able-bodied persons—those able to help the economy of the country. We feel that families with sickness or physical handicap should be admitted, too; they can usually make a go of it without help once they get the chance.

While emigration to other lands is a main answer, there are hundreds of thousands who could integrate in the lands where they are presently living if they only had a little capital to get started. Some families can integrate with as little as \$300 or \$400. Others will need more, and the national committees will try to raise these funds.

**Is the refugee problem moving farther east?**

Numerically, yes. But it is a mistake to think of the refugees solely as an Asian problem. The refugees who have been waiting for help in Europe for fourteen years prick our conscience. At one time, it was thought the European camps could be closed by 1960. That is now impossible; furthermore, new ones are being opened in Italy for the Yugoslavs.

**Can the Christian principle that "people without land have a right to land without people" be put effectively into practice—considering what might be called a psychological block to bringing Asians in large numbers to North America?**

To begin with, Pope Pius XII said that the people around us without opportunities, the men who are trying to raise families in miserable conditions not only in Europe but elsewhere, have a right to lands which are not populated, and that Catholic agencies should campaign to achieve this.

In North America there is a great deal of un-Christian resistance to people of the yellow race, but in South America Japanese and Chinese are being accepted. There is our best hope for the emigration of Asians.

**What countries have done the most in receiving refugees?**

From the standpoint of numbers received, (well over half a million), the U.S. has done an outstanding job. But in relation to our population, the number of refugees accepted is not too impressive. Canada and Australia, in relation to population, have done more.

**In your opinion, Mr. Norris, has the U.S. done what it could, bearing in mind our resources and standard of living?**

The U.S. probably could do more. There are many people in this country who are unsympathetic because they have never seen a refugee. If they ever saw a refugee child languishing in a camp, their hearts would be opened. Actually, all that Americans see are the difficulties of trying to resettle refugees. There are many agencies which have done a fine job and I don't want to criticize what has been done. Our national and Catholic agencies, helped by the diocesan Catholic Charities, resettlement committees, the National Council of Catholic Women, and other groups have given great leadership.

**Are there any refugees coming into the U.S. today?**

Some special legislation, admitting about 15,000 refugees, is about to expire very shortly because the numbers will be used up. A few refugees can come in under the normal immigration program, provided they can meet the quota registration dates. These people must have guarantees that they will not become public charges.

**Well, look, has the U.S. really got a Christian outlook on this problem? Fifteen thousand is really not very many.**

No, from the standpoint of numbers we are not admitting as many people as we should. Some of the agencies working with us want the U.S. to accept 20,000 refugees a year. We feel generally that if the U.S. accepted 15 to 20 per cent of what all other countries take, that would be a fair share. Other countries watch the U.S. for leadership.

**Does the present McCarran-Walter Act obstruct an equitable solution to the world refugee problem?**

Although it wasn't intended to solve the refugee problem, it prevents many refugees from being admitted. For example, thousands of Polish refugees cannot qualify because the Polish quota is so small. Quotas based on national origins are un-Christian and should be done away with. Our immigration law should help reunite families rather than keep them separated as it does at present by restricting the numbers available to close relatives.

**Have American Catholics distinguished themselves by helping the refugees, bearing in mind the whole tenor of Church thought which should move Catholics to help readily?**

The esteem in which American Catholic agencies are held by the Federal government and by international organizations is pretty hard to describe. I think this speaks for the outstanding job done by our Catholic people, who have contributed funds for many years, opened their doors, and contributed clothing for the refugees to put on their backs as soon as they fled the Iron Curtain countries. Yes, the Catholic people have distinguished themselves.

**Would you exclude Catholics from the "boredom" which you agreed had set in in the U.S.?**

No. If I am not being contradictory, I think that even though Catholics have distinguished themselves, the average Catholic has nevertheless now built up a resistance to the refugee problem. Particularly in Europe, refugees are a Catholic problem, and the Catholic people of the U.S. should be aware of them. Every Jewish person I meet is intimately aware of the Jewish refugee problem and is anxious to do something about it.

**What will be the Catholic participation in World Refugee Year?**

As the major Catholic resettlement agency in the U.S., Catholic Relief Services has a big job on its hands. It has a staff in Europe of 500 persons, who are trying to find opportunities for refugees to integrate where they are or migrate. At the moment, CRS has a case load of 50,000 refugees in Europe, the Near and Far East who need to be moved and settled in other countries if they are ever going to be able to live with their God-given dignity. These men, women, and children want desperately to come to the U.S. We help them as best we can, but it is heartbreaking to see them standing in endless line, never knowing if the line will start to move.

# Stage and Screen

by JERRY COTTER



*Sister Luke (Audrey Hepburn) ministers to a patient in "The Nun's Story," based on Kathryn Hulme's best-selling novel*

## The Nun's Story

Kathryn Hulme's novel comes to the screen as a beautiful and absorbing film, overlong, perhaps, but always thought-provoking and produced with a high degree of artistry. The screenplay by Robert Anderson succeeds in large measure, though not completely, in conveying the spiritual conflicts of Sister Luke and the problems she faced as a novice and a nun in the Congo before realizing that she had lacked the fundamental requirement of a vocation all along.

The discriminating, thoughtful viewer will find in this analysis of a religious vocation much to discuss and ponder. Viewed as a fictional account, rather than an accurate biographical study, the film has considerable merit. The artisans involved in producing it have approached a delicate theme with sensitivity and have secured sound theological advice. If there are questions, and even errors, in the finished product, they are not in the basic issues but rather in the imperfections of every human endeavor.

In what is undoubtedly her finest portrayal to date, Audrey Hepburn handles with admirable restraint the difficult assignment of a nun tortured by doubt. She has tremendous acting competition from the women chosen to play the various members of the cloistered order. Among them are Dame Edith Evans, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Patricia Collinge, Ruth White, Mildred Dunnock, Beatrice Straight, Margaret Phillips, and Barbara O'Neil, while Dean Jagger and Peter Finch have the principal male roles. Together they form an acting company of tremendous power in which the smallest bit roles become luminous.

Visually, the picture is magnificent. The Belgian Congo backgrounds have been utilized most efficiently by director Fred Zinneman, and the interiors, filmed in Rome, are more than functional in establishing the monastic mood.

*The Nun's Story* has aroused controversy as a book. Undoubtedly some of the same objections can be made to the picture, for as the Legion of Decency has stated: "If the film fails to capture the full meaning of religious life in terms of its spiritual joy and all-pervading charity, this must be attributed to the inherent limitations of a visual art."

## Reviews in Brief

**HERCULES** is a lavish, Italian-produced spectacle in which mythology's man of muscle writhes heroically through a series of melodramatic episodes. Though this colorful adventure epic sounds no great emotional depths, it does provide excitements as Hercules saves a princess in a runaway chariot, batters the famed Nemean lion, and bests the terrible Cretan bull before joining the Argonauts in search of Jason's Golden Fleece. Authenticity in research gives the film an educational value not often found in lush historical spectacles. Steve Reeves, an American muscle man with some acting ability, is realistic and impressive as the mighty legend. (Warner Bros.)

John Farrow's **JOHN PAUL JONES** is an expensive salute to a founder of the American Navy. A study of a dedicated man played against backdrops of naval encounters, palace intrigues, and the development of a nation, the film utilizes some of the most expensive props ever seen on the screen. Sprawling, colorful, and occasionally exciting, the dramatic moments do not measure up to the visual attractions, for Farrow has ignored modern techniques in his loosely knit presentation. Robert Stack is convincing as the dour Scotsman, while Macdonald Carey, Erin O'Brien, Charles Coburn, Marissa Pavan, Jean Pierre Aumont, and Bette Davis appear in brief cameo scenes. Mark this down as a worthy effort. (Warner Bros.)

**GIDEON OF SCOTLAND YARD** is a deft spoof of a London detective's life, prepared with tongue-in-cheek by John Ford, who has temporarily deserted the Pecos for Piccadilly. Designed to show the ups and downs of one day in the life of a Scotland Yard inspector, this episodic narrative varies its moods from comedy to horror, from happy domesticity to mystery. The script provides ample opportunity for minor characters to shine, and director Ford obliges happily. Jack Hawkins plays the Yard man with the proper blithe spirit, and such familiar supporting players as John Loder, Anne Lee, Dianne Foster, Ronald Howard, and Cyril Cusack are staunch assistants in a mimicry that is vastly amusing and equally intriguing. (Columbia)

Admirers of the adult Western technique will appreciate and applaud **LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL**, a taut and lean story embellished with some brilliant photography and further strengthened by top performances. The story follows grim lines, opening on a note of violence which sets the tenor for the entire piece. Though action is paramount, the characterizations are crystal-clear and intriguing, as the marshal of a pioneer town sets out to bring the murderers of his Indian wife to justice. Kirk Douglas is superb in this portrayal, while Anthony Quinn dominates his scenes as the murderer's father. Every member of the cast has been well chosen in this suspenseful and absorbing yarn. (Paramount)

**THE FIVE PENNIES** is a winning combo of music, sentiment, and fact, based on the life of Red Nichols, a jazzman whose career makes for a more entertaining biography than most the screen has offered in this line. Nichols and his Dixieland music made pre-World War II history, but his devotion to his family and his daughter's struggle with polio led him away from the world of music to more financially rewarding assignments. In this three-dimensional

study, Nichols is played with unusual perception and credibility by Danny Kaye, with Barbara Bel Geddes, Harry Guardino, Louis Armstrong, Bob Crosby, and a silent-screen great, Blanche Sweet, helping from the sidelines. This is a first-rate family musical. (Paramount)

Those who saw *Pather Panchali*, the prize-winning film from India, will need no urging to see **APARAJITO** (*The Unvanquished*). This is a sequel to the memorable study of family life in the drab, poverty-stricken regions of Bengal. Flowing along in the same lonely pattern, this episode takes the family to the city of Benares where life becomes a bit easier. It ends with the adolescent son's winning a university scholarship. Sensitively produced, directed, and acted, this is not the sort of picture the average audience will greet with enthusiasm, but for those who can appreciate its nuances, sympathize with its problems, and admire its undeniable artistry, this is a movie experience to remember. (Edward Harrison)

**ASK ANY GIRL** is sophisticated nonsense, made palatable at times by the urbane portrayal of David Niven, rather than any story substance or genuine humor in the plot. A comic charade concerned with a young lady's determined efforts to find a husband in the big city, it has some laughs, but the general effect is more in the cartoon vein than an adult try at comedy. Shirley MacLaine overplays her role, but Niven does provide a restraining influence, and Gig Young is convincing as a target. (M-G-M)

Miami Beach is the setting for **A HOLE IN THE HEAD**, a comedy-drama which enjoyed a modest Broadway success. In its new medium, this study of an impractical dreamer has the benefits of a truly fine cast and astute direction by Frank Capra to cover up the gaping holes in the basic idea. Frank Sinatra is starred as a hotel owner who seeks assistance from his wealthy, older brother, Ed-

Robert Stack in the title role of "John Paul Jones," visually beautiful tribute to a great naval hero



Robert Milli in a dramatic scene from the Players, Inc. production of the Sophocles' tragedy, "Oedipus Rex"

ward G. Robinson. A widower with a young son, Sinatra's plight is hardly calculated to earn sympathy, but the Capra touch directs a maximum of it his way. Eddie Hodges, of the Broadway hit *The Music Man*, plays the son with an unerring sense of timing, while Thelma Ritter, Keenan Wynn, and Carolyn Jones are excellent, even when their vehicle leaves something to be desired. (United Artists)

### The New Plays

Players, Inc., composed of Catholic University Drama Department graduates, celebrated the completion of its first decade with a Broadway presentation of *Oedipus Rex*. Leo Brady has adapted Sophocles' tragedy for the group, trimming the discursiveness and providing an absorbing script for the company. Father Hartke's direction proved imaginative and quite effective considering the limits under which the group worked in New York. The most impressive and striking feature of the production proved to be the Greek chorus trained by Dr. Josephine McGarry Callan of CU. The enunciation, the clarity, and the spontaneity with which the group performed was indeed remarkable. It is the feature of the performance through which Players Inc. will be remembered longest by the audience.

**GYPSY**, which has earned for Ethel Merman the most extravagant reviews in her long career, is an uninhibited, brassy musical based on the life and machinations of one Rose Hovick, who was the mother of Gypsy Rose Lee and June Havoc. As a musical it bounces along in Miss Merman's wake, taking its cue from her broad, happy interpretation of a character that is basically unpleasant, even depraved, in her intense ambitions to make stars of her daughters. There are ugly implications in the story, with the mother pushing daughter Gypsy into a burlesque career at the age of sixteen, her flaunting a lover during the years her girls were vaudeville baby-stars, and at all times placing no limitation on her ambition for them. It's



Scott Brady, Dolores Gray, and Andy Griffith in the lively musical "Destry Rides Again"

not a pleasant show, nor is the music especially distinguished, but Miss Merman and a talented newcomer, Sandra Church, are most impressive. Cast this as a decidedly negative vote for a show which has been amazingly over-rated.

Far more impressive and entertaining is **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**, a wild and woolly adult musical which blasts some life into the old Western format. Bright and lively, with a good deal of humor to balance the clichés, this is an invigorating adult frolic. Often a strain on the eardrums, but invariably pleasing to the funny bone, it has some rip-roaring choreography, amusing performances by Andy Griffith, Dolores Gray, and Scott Brady, plus an attractive score, perhaps best described as rousing. Destry makes no pretensions, other than good fun, and a sly poke in the stirrups to TV melodramatics. It succeeds on both points.

Despite a tasteless title, **ONCE UPON A MATTRESS** turns out to be an ingratiating adult cartoon based on Grimm's fable, *The Princess and the Pea*. While the satire is occasionally beyond the reach of the writers, there is a good deal of bounce to the fun and some refreshing twists to perk up the flagging moments. The show's best asset is a puck-ish comedienne, Carol Burnett, who is breezy and outlandish and vastly amusing. Cast as the princess, who must prove her claim to royalty by passing a series of fantastic tests, Miss Burnett gives the show its main claim to distinction. Within its self-imposed limits, this is an appealing and sprightly adult musical.

### The Theater Season

It has been said that there is no such thing as a best play or best performance in a theater season. The accolades for the semester just ended have been bestowed, the laurel wreaths placed in position, and the awards well publicized. But what of the also-rans? Such a question is particularly pertinent this year because the many "second bests" had flashes of brilliance, moments of splendor which cannot be ignored.

Jason Robards, Jr. and Geraldine Page have deservedly cornered the market on acting awards for their work in *The Disenchanted* and *Sweet Bird of Youth*, but the also-rans in this field form an impressive list. There is Sidney Poitier and Claudia McNeill of *A Raisin in the Sun*; Sidney Blackmer of *Sweet Bird of Youth*; Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Biff McGuire of the short-lived *Triple Play*; Gwen Verdon and Richard Kiley of *Redhead*; Cyril Ritchard, Charlie Ruggles, and Dolores Hart in *The Pleasure of His Company*; Sessue Hayakawa in *Kataki*; Helen Hayes in *A Touch of the Poet*; Fritz Weaver in *The Power and the Glory*—the list is too long to complete, but mention must be made of Kate Wilkinson, whose brilliant work added so much luster to The Blackfriars' presentation of *La Madre*. That play, written with such understanding and skill by Sister Mary Francis, a cloistered nun, is one which must be mentioned among the season's most rewarding efforts.

The awards which have gone to *JB* and *The Disenchanted*, and the enthusiasm which has greeted such successes as *A Raisin in the Sun* and *A Touch of the Poet*, should not overshadow some other dramas offered during the 1958-59 season. For example, *A Majority of One*, *The Power and the Glory*, *Mark Twain Tonight*, the revived *Our Town*, Gielgud's *Ages of Man*, or the impressive off-Broadway presentation of *And the Wind Blows*.

In our national adulation of the trophy we have inclined toward a disinterest in the runners-up.



## SPIRITUAL THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

# The Sense of the Sacred

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.



WHENEVER MAN has been brought face to face with something sacred, his reaction has been twofold: he draws toward it, and he shrinks back. Because the sacred is good, very good, he draws toward it. Because at the same time he sees that the sacred is all holy, he shrinks back in awe and wonder. These two movements, drawing toward and shrinking back, are only seemingly contradictory. In fact, if our approach to the sacred is lacking in either of these movements we have an impoverished, distorted idea of the sacred.

When Moses came face to face with God on Mount Horeb these two movements characterized his reaction. Moses was pasturing his flock in Madian, and he led it deep into the desert "till he reached God's own mountain of Horeb. And here the Lord revealed Himself through a flame that rose up in the midst of a bush. And he looked, and lo, the bush was burning yet it was not consumed. And Moses said, 'I must go up and see.' . . . When the Lord saw him coming over to look more closely God called out to him from the bush, 'Moses, Moses.' He answered, 'Here I am.' God said, 'Come no nearer! Remove the shoes from your feet, for the place on which you are standing is holy ground.' And He said, 'I am the God of your father, the God of Abraham.' . . . And Moses hid his face for he was afraid to look at God."

In revealing the sacred, Yahweh took the initiative by appearing in the form of a burning bush and Yahweh drew Moses toward Him. But man does not walk toward the sacred as he walks to market: "Come no nearer! Remove the shoes from your feet, for the place on which you are standing is holy ground." Moses learns how to approach the sacred from God Himself. He learns that though it is proper to draw near in love, it is also proper to stand apart in awe, wonder, and holy fear: "And Moses hid his face because he was afraid to look at God."

There was a mountain in Palestine, Mount Tabor, on which took place another revelation of the holiness of

God. Jesus took Peter, James, and John up to Mount Tabor. When they reached the top they stopped to pray and of a sudden Christ was transfigured before them: "And His garments became white, dazzling white—whiter than any earthly bleaching could make them. And lo, Elias and Moses appeared to the disciples and stood there in conversation with Jesus. Peter said to Jesus, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here. Let us set up three tents, one for You, one for Moses, and one for Elias.' For he did not know what to say, for they were struck with fear. And there came a cloud overshadowing them, and there came a voice out of the cloud saying: 'This is My dearly loved Son. Listen to Him!' When they heard this voice the disciples fell on their faces overcome with fear."

The revelation of the Holy One to Moses on Mount Horeb and to the disciples on Mount Tabor is essentially the same. To show the unity between the two manifestations of holiness, Moses figures in the second as well as in the first manifestation. Here too it is God who takes the initiative: Christ leads Peter, James, and John up a high mountain. Peter is drawn by the beauty and goodness of the holiness he sees and he exclaims: "Lord, it is good for us to be here." But even when Peter was saying it was good to be there, they were afraid to be there. The holiness heaven was revealing was beyond their understanding. And when the voice spoke, "This is My dearly loved Son," their awe was complete. They shrunk back and, overcome with fear, fell on their faces. The fear Peter felt was not the trembling before a threat, but rather the wonder at the revelation of the inexpressible.

We find these revelations of the All-Holy to be disturbing. That Moses and Peter were drawn by love to the holiness they saw is understandable. Why they should be afraid of this holiness, who is defined as love, this we cannot understand. We can, we think, understand a God who is merciful, who is long-suffering. We can even understand, or so we think, a

God who is just. But love and holiness that must be feared we do not understand.


Our difficulty is with the word "understanding." If we want a God we can wholly understand, whose holiness is commonplace, then we want a God without mystery, a little God who will fit tidily into our human categories, who can be labeled, and, when the occasion calls for it, can, at the snap of the fingers, be mustered for our inspection. We want a God who can be approached without ritual, with the casual assurance of an old acquaintance met on Main Street. We want a God of rather precise and definable proportions who acts in accordance with laws of our own making. He is a dependable God, predictable and understandable.

This toy God cannot be the God revealed to Moses and is most certainly not the God-Man Christ. What is lacking in this approach to the sacred and to God is the awe and wonder which should characterize our coming into the presence of Him of whom the psalmist says, "Holy and terrible is His name." We need that sense of coming into the presence of the All-Pure, the Holy-Other, Light Inaccessible. This awe before the sacred is the supernatural atmosphere of the Church's prayers. It is the prayerful wonder found in the *Gloria* of the Mass: "You alone are holy; You alone are Lord; You alone, O Jesus Christ, are the Most High."

Recognition of the holiness of God does not mean that He should be a God who is remote from us. No, we still want to call God our Father and Christ our Friend and Brother. We want to learn all we can about the Christ who was tired, and wept, and was hungry. But whenever we go into church or assist at holy Mass or begin to pray, we come into contact with this great mystery, the holiness of God: "The Lord is pleased to dwell in mystery." To speak to God, to love Him, to draw near and live in His presence, is to come into contact with the holiness that drew Moses and Peter but filled them with holy awe.



Bodley Thomas



## Many years went by before I understood the ache my father hid in his heart

Sometimes related things are slow to come together; or we are slow—anyhow, I am slow—in catching the revelations that time contrives. My very first memory of my mother must have loomed, as it does still, bright and shocking in my mind for a good twelve or fifteen years before I connected it with its real meaning, in her life and my father's and my own.

My mother crouched and whimpered in her white nightgown in the yellow glare of the new electric light bulbs that jutted in a triple spray from the old gas fixture in the center of the dining room ceiling. Her brown hair was tossing loose down her back, and she was crying and moaning. Her shoulders and her knees were bent as if some terrible and frightening weight bore down upon her, and her hands fluttered and clenched. All the time she kept pacing with queer, quick, straddling steps about the room.

There was a bare and glossy round table in the middle of the room; an oaken sideboard covered with glittering, cut-glass bowls and goblets and a pair of silver candlesticks with white candles in them stood against one wall; a brown leather couch (which smelled like new shoes) stretched against another wall; and a black, iron coal stove (whose doors, decorations, and isinglass windows composed themselves into a monstrous face, with silver eyebrows and teeth and a variable red mouth) bulged in one corner. Behind this stove, my father was frantically tucking his white shirt tails into his trousers.

This was all happening one early morning in the house my father rented from Mrs. O'Mara, on Park Street. I was four years old. I take for granted that dramatic commotion in the night had roused me. What I saw has remained a permanent, indelible image, like a brief strip of jerky, but very clear, film.

## THINGS PAST

Mrs. O'Mara came wheezing in through the kitchen; she lived next door. My sweet, thin grandmother—who lived two miles off, across the river, on the north side—ran unaccountably in through the front door, out of the darkness. While my father was wrapping a blanket around my mother's quivering shoulders, my grandmother was crawling about the floor, soothing my mother in soft German, and trying to get her to hold still long enough to step into a pair of yellow leather, fleece-lined toppins. (Why we always called slippers of any sort *toppins* I do not know.) Then all at once, jerkily, a little, bristly-bearded man was there, smelling of cold straw and stables; and my mother and father went away

by Richard Sullivan



with him in the faint luminosity of winter dawn in a dark hack pulled by a white horse, the bristly man driving, and the horse's hooves clod-clopping in solemn resonance on the red brick pavement of old Park Street. And after some talk with Mrs. O'Mara, my grandmother took me home with her, carrying me, in another hack.

But years and years passed before I connected this still vivid recollection with the birth of my brother, Robert Anthony, who died in thirty days.

And it was not until long after I had moved into my slow awareness of what I'd seen at age four and what I'd heard about time and again in later years that I came to realize some other connections.

It strikes me now that what we see and know and experience first-hand sometimes isn't seen and known at all, unless providentially there occurs later on some kind of fusion of this with that in sudden meaning. Two and two make four only when we have at least one and three, and sometimes, it seems to me, the numbers are not vouchsafed to us, however eager and groping our concern.

My grandmother kept me on the north side for half a year. In that period my mother, many times, almost died. Each Sunday afternoon, in a rented buggy, my father used to come to take me for a ride about our town and a private talk. Of our rides and talks I remember only love, gravity, praying aloud together, briefly, for my mother, and the vision of lilacs in fullest bloom waving over a gray brick wall.

Blood kept my mother alive. I am one who believes in mysteries: these are things which may be talked about but which are beyond explaining. It was not human blood by transfusion—which I suppose was unknown when I was going on five—but beef blood by mystery which succored my mother.

Somebody came to my father, who was frantic, sick, and terrorized under worry—for they were, as I have come to see, a very close couple, my father and my mother—and somebody came to him with a thing called a meat press and with a story of the revival of some other person dying in the plain light of day for want of blood. So my father made arrangements instantly, and perhaps hopelessly, with Dougherty's Meat Market; and every day pounds and pounds of steaks were delivered to the hospital—and later to out house, when my mother came home in her wheel chair—and these steaks were pressed, and their red juice was chilled and drunk by the glassfuls.

Years afterward, the very memory of such imbibing literally sickened my mother; but at the time she craved the blood, was hungry for it; and in our

family we always believed that, whatever strict medical opinion, then and now, it was blood which sustained her through fierce infection, saved her life, and restored her strength.

For she was strong enough within a year to roll away her wheel chair gleefully and to begin planning with my father the building of the new house we three were to live in for a long time.

It is hard for me not to glamorize that house in which I lived my boyhood and youth. Not that there were no personal horrors or dreary desperate days I endured there; for everyone lives through his own violent and desolate times. But the truth is that my memory of the old big house and of living there is so thoroughly bright and warm that, for objectivity's sake and with a cold eye cocked on nostalgia and green emotion, I shall now simply itemize facts rather than render impressions.

The facts are as follows. My father already owned a deep lot, half-a-block-long, fronting on a park. (It lay in a dying neighborhood, though; and years later he told me, thoughtfully, "Look now, any time you ever build or buy,

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• Next to being shot at and missed, nothing is quite as satisfactory as an income-tax refund.  
—*Irish Digest*

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figure location first.") My mother wanted a house of generally colonial design, with front door, vestibule, front hall, staircase, back hall, grade stairs, and back door all in a line through the middle, and everything else distributed symmetrically to either side. Both my parents wanted a roomy house, with an extraordinary lot of space inside it and provision made ahead of time for future expansion that would be in harmony with the original plan.

They found an architect of rare talent, who converted their intentions into practical blueprints. But my father—for business reasons—decided that he must spread his own business far, wide, and without preference; so he had the whole project set up on separate bids for this, that, and the other thing. The men who, feeding themselves lathing nails from their mouths, pounded up the laths were not the carpenters; and the mill that turned out the mahogany for the woodwork was not the same mill that turned out the rougher lumber; the mahogany came from a tree purchased direct from Cuba; the brick and the tile came from separate dealers; and the incinerator was installed by a man who had nothing to do with installing the hot-water furnace. The dozens of sepa-

rate contracts caused the architect some confusion, but he managed. The activities of the Kaiser, in Belgium and then in France, caused considerable delay of materials. My uncle George, the plumber—or domestic engineer, as he advertised himself—at the last minute talked my father into turning one of the north bedrooms into a huge, fantastically accoutred bathroom. But eventually, when I was just turned seven and was about to have my tonsils out, we moved into the big house.

There was some mean talk around town. I didn't hear it, of course; but I heard about it as it reached and wounded my parents. It seems that they were living above themselves, that they were plunging into debt, that they were showing off. Our new house inspired envy. It was regarded as ostentatious. My uncle George had something to do with forwarding this latter view: for he kept bringing people in at any old hour to show them our enormous bathroom, which beyond doubt was elaborate.

It was—I checked the old blueprints a few years ago, and I think my memory is right—a room eighteen by twenty feet, originally scheduled as north-east bedroom; and the virtuous architect fought nobly to preserve it so. But my father always had an intense Irish loyalty to all of his brothers, and I think that he realized what a monumental achievement in plumbing he could offer George and that he offered it out of impulsive fraternal interest, over the architect's bloody head.

So we had a bathroom floored with white, hexagonal tile (out of which both joyous and horrendous faces would pop in and out if you stared long enough at any given patch) and walled with white squares of porcelain to about as high as one merely seven could reach on tiptoe; and then above and overhead a dazzling expanse of smooth, white plaster, hovering. A great, wide, massive washbowl bloomed on a stalwart, white stalk, rooted in tile. Above it a great, wide, glittering mirror on the face of a great, wide, recessed cabinet reflected pure dazzle. There was a shower bath, and a long, enameled pool of a tub, and—of all things—a sweet, little sitz bath, the only one in town, settled brave and rather futile in one corner, opposite a positive throne that dominated another corner. And then there was a high, white, built-in towel closet, like an armoire in a French hotel, whose lowest doors swung open to reveal all the intricate couplings and anglings of all the lead and brass and iron pipes my uncle George was so proud of having originated and whose complex glories he never ceased to point out to the visitors he brought us.



He had a whining, nasal voice, my uncle George, and an eternally fretful manner. Stocky like my father, though not so handsome, he affected a kind of casual, tweedy elegance in his dress; he always wore bow ties, and his glasses were tinted very faintly blue. He didn't marry until he was past forty. Once, when he had been going with some girl rather steadily, my father twitted him about his intentions, and uncle George said, in his twangy whine: "A-a-a-h, her feet are too big!" When I was about two, he shocked my mother by complaining indignantly that she hadn't put silk laces in my shoes. If there was cocoanut cake for dessert, he always asked if there wasn't just a small piece of the chocolate or the lemon cake left; and if there was chocolate or lemon, he asked, with the same kind of mournful petulance, about cocoanut.

Well, God rest him. He had a most unhappy life, which is not my present story. The present point is that, as soon as we moved into the new house, he began to use our enormous bathroom as a combination showroom and salesroom for his own customers. He'd bring them up in batches as often as three times a day. Frequently, he threw in a tour of the house that included the first-floor bathroom and the stationery-tubs in the basement laundry room. Once he even took some people up into the big, white, plastered attic with the three dormers and the seven windows and the smooth, wide floor boards to show them the flush-tank concealed in a wall behind the little doll house of a cedar closet built there in one corner.

My uncle was less proud of the always running artesian water faucet in our basement. (From this faucet, three meal-times daily, I brought up a red-rusted pitcherful for our table.) My father, who was a man of severe conviction about food or drink, believed that iron water, as he called it, was loaded with benefit for the human system; and he persuaded the Water Commissioner of our town (after diplomatically losing to him a few games of cribbage) that he ought to let my uncle George tap into one of the artesian lines that fed certain public drinking fountains, one of which bubbled into a circular mossy-green and rusty-red cement enclosure or basin or tub, a public drinking fountain, forever flowing, in the park across the street from our house. So it was done, with no harm to anything but a city ordinance; and thus our own artesian water gurgled in our basement, a sample being tested twice each year by the Water Commissioner's chemist.

That active water had to run all the time or it would, of its own piled-up red iron residue, clog the pipes that bore

it. It was benign and sovereign water: I taste it yet. But my uncle, who as domestic engineer dealt normally in the conveyance of city water, lake water, for persons who did not purposefully lose at cribbage to the Water Commissioner of our town, was under no obligation to praise our artesian line. Leading his customers through our basement, to the soft splashing music of artesian flow, he expanded upon the virtue and purity of lake water, and—when questioned—slurred our ever-running faucet as a mere whim.

To my father, lake water—pumped in city water—was a corrosive liquid which tasted of perch. It was suitable for washing, but for nothing else. Long before we moved into the big house, my mother had done her cooking with bottled spring water, which my father, in the interests of our common health, had had delivered by the gallons every day. And I know that my father resented my uncle's slurring remarks about our private artesian tap.

My mother—who loved my uncle for the sorrow in him, as he loved her, genuinely, for her joy—resented his visits and tours, which intruded upon her time

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• Tolerance is the ability to keep your shirt on when you're hot under the collar.—Quote

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and her practice, her very state of life. She objected to the inconvenient moments he chose; she was also embarrassed by the way he drew attention to the scope and span of the whole house by particularly stressing, in his emphatic whine, our out-sized bathroom. For that bathroom became a kind of symbol of pure bulk. It became known—mostly as a subject of humor or caustic envy—all over town. My mother asked my uncle not to bring any more of his customers on trips of inspection. My uncle's feelings were hurt. He came to our house at noontime one day to complain. What happened was that he and my father got into a fierce quarrel, not over intrusive or even artesian questions, but over the policies of Woodrow Wilson.

"He's keeping us out of war!" my uncle shouted.

"He's a friend to England!" declared my father, glaring. It was the blackest thing he could have said of any man. "He and King George are as close as that!"

"You don't keep up on things!" cried my uncle. "You don't read the papers!" With a political wave of his arm he knocked his cup of tea—we always had green tea at noon—out of its saucer and splashed pale splotches over our table-

cloth. He looked instantly at my mother, contrite, full of apology. But my father cut him off—

"Another thing," said my father, in a deadly voice, with his black eyebrows cocked and his blue eyes glassy in a look of pure outrage. "another thing, George, you can stop bringing your pro-British friends up to my bathroom from now on!"

I believe that my uncle, never an easy man to silence, refrained from protest for two reasons. Though of course his Irish parents had had him christened after the dragon-killing saint, his very name—which had turned out to be the name of England's King—put him at a disadvantage in family arguments of this sort. But even more, I think that out of a kind of delicacy and sensitivity—despite all his careless invasions of our house—he wished to give at this moment no offense to my mother, who on the paternal side of my family was considered irredeemably German. Both her parents, like my father's mother, had been born in our own country; but she remained, on the south side of the river, the German girl from the north side who had married into the Irish family, fantastically; and my uncle George at this noonday instant did not—I think—want to drag her into a quarrel which he may have suspected was basically artesian.

Of course he didn't know, poor man, that she was as fierce against the Kaiser as he was and that her heart grieved for Belgium and then for France. It remains a comfort to me, every time I read some fine, juicy generalization about the views of races and religious groups and minorities and so on, in our catalogued world, to remember my father, my mother, my uncle, and artesian water.

But I am making too much of this small squabble. My father and all his brothers were in the habit of fighting fiercely and forgetting quickly, in terms of all the ancestry, background, early environment, and general leanings which brought them together. And this fuss in the middle of the day was a normal thing, except for the firm words spoken. My father had forbade—for aquatic and political reasons mixed—our enormous bathroom to further tourists; and my uncle, who knew when to take an indignant word seriously, never brought another prospective customer of his to our house on excursion. Perhaps—I am inclined after all the years to think so—my father later spoke to him more definitely and less passionately on the subject.

For once, many years later, my father spoke to me on the subject. It was after I had married and moved away from

our town with my wife and children; and it was after he had, in the depression, lost our house and his business and practically everything else except his faith in God and human effort. He and my mother were living temporarily in a rented place on the old north side, along the lake. Both of them had been born within a hundred yards of that big lake, and both of them feared the wide water; neither of them could swim a stroke, and no more can I, to this day.

Anyhow, this summertime twilight my father and I stood on the side porch—which was screened—of the rented house on the north side of town, looking out at the great luminescent gray and green and violet spread of the lake, rippling, almost purring (though certainly we could both remember it in lashing violence), without a threat now, sweet and full of intimations of peace. I think that, if my father had not been feeling so dejected, he would never have confided in me, with the lake looking so soft. Later, in his final fifteen years, he recaptured most of the dash and assurance of his youth and maturity, except for a kind of permanent coloration of anxiety that stayed after the losses. And this night he must have felt, impulsively, that he had to explain his failures.

"What I want you to know," he said, and then paused. We were standing side by side. A June bug buzzed across the screen in front of us. Inside the house, my wife, my mother, and my children were all talking, in clear but wordless feminine sounds; and there was a smell of bread already baked and meat roasting. We were visiting, for a brief space, my parents in their rented house. It was almost time to eat; and we all must have been hungry. But looking out at the lake my father said, "What I want you to know is about the old house. I guess you know what we had in mind." He looked at me. He was speaking gruffly, yet quietly, privately, as if he did not want to be overheard and as if he might be interrupted.

"A big family!" he cried, softly. "Children! All those bedrooms! That attic all ready to divide up into more! Even that bathroom—there was room for anything that came to that house!"

We were looking together at the wide, open lake. What he said made me again, suddenly, connect this with that.

So that was when I first realized, or put together, or comprehended, or understood what time had contrived. Every thing had been all under my nose and I had seen not a piece of it, really.

Out in front of us the lake lay lovely, opalescent, and sweet. Behind us the western sky was in a tumult of writhing rose and orange and green ropes and twists. Inside the house, my wife and my children and my mother were secure, sounding gay. On the side porch, regarding the lake, my father and I both grieved, in what seems to me now a peculiarly paternal way. Without letting on at all to one another, we wept, that fine evening, turning away to knuckle our eyes.

Why he wept I don't feel qualified to say, though I see. But I wept because I was his only living offspring, and he deserved—humanly speaking—much more, much more. I felt at that moment unworthy, and I wished that my brother, Robert Anthony, had lived and that I had seen more, known more, understood more of what the unfulfilled man beside me had wanted of life.

Abundance, progeny, fruitfulness was what he looked for, rosily; and I was the solitary result. We hugged each other on the side porch that evening, my father and I, wordlessly, with the lake beginning to drop into darkness in front of us, but the sky still on fire in the west. And when called, we went together inside, to eat, in common hunger.

## NIGHT ON THE STRAND

A. M. SULLIVAN

*Pale fury gathers in darkest waters  
And charges endlessly upon the shore.  
Surge upon surge strikes and scatters  
In broken ranks with the abysmal roar  
Of vexation over the sandy floor.*

*The jetty pokes a long pale finger  
Deep in the infinity of black  
And the gull's thin cry is lost in the anger  
Of white water falling back, back,  
Then rallying for the fresh attack.*

*A long light stabs from the promontory,  
A yellow blade slitting the heavy veil  
Blazing black walls in a momentary  
Signal of faith to men who sail  
Into the wet mischief of the gale.*

*They fight the sea in a lover's quarrel,  
Daring her salt kiss to the proud and bold.  
Though turning tides renew the peril  
Of men who love deep water, there are the old,  
Old secrets still to be told.*

## LOVE SONG IN IRAN

SISTER MARIA DEL REY, R.S.M.

*Whither thou goest, I too would go . . .  
But, love, I am not Ruth!  
I, in thy land  
Of brooding tent and burning sand,  
An alien exiled, sick for the dear sight  
And sounds of home,  
For the smell of sweet loam  
Outside my door  
Once more.*

*Thy people should be my people,  
Yet among thy tribesmen flow  
Locked liquid sounds I scarce can voice or know.*

*Even in thy prayer,  
Spun from minarets through sung air,  
I have no part,  
I with the AVE graven on my heart.*

*Ah, love, I am not Ruth . . .  
Thy way is not my way;  
Thy truth is but the shadow of my Truth,  
Thine Allah but the shadow of my God.*



## The Incandescent Lady

### A visit with CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Mrs. Luce during  
exclusive interview  
with Father  
Ralph Gorman, C.P.,  
Editor of *The Sign*,  
and the author

by DOUGLAS J. ROCHE

When you set out to interview a person of the complexity and stature of Clare Boothe Luce, you should be prepared for anything. I thought I was. But I was least of all prepared to find her camera-shy. That trait seems a significant place to begin this story.

The world knows Mrs. Luce as one of the most gifted and versatile women alive, with a "steel brain and razor tongue." Just to catalogue her accomplishments would take the length of this piece, for she has been a magazine editor, social reformer, playwright, war correspondent, lecturer, congresswoman, and ambassador. A few years ago she even took up skin diving. Now a new interest in inlaying

mosaics demonstrates, along with needlepoint, the craftsmanship of her hands. She speaks French, German, Italian, and Spanish. Last winter, when she was appointed Ambassador to Brazil, she plunged into the study of Portuguese.

Famous people from a hundred avenues are her associates. Churchill taught her to paint. Eisenhower, whom she helped attain the Presidency, sent her to Rome to represent the U.S. Baruch introduced her to politics. Bishop Sheen instructed her for her conversion to the Catholic Church. And Henry R. Luce is the publishing magnate, editor-in-chief of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*.

The scale of this activity and asso-

ciation suggests that having her picture taken would be a picayune thing for Clare Boothe Luce. The reverse is true. Only by gentle persuasion did THE SIGN succeed in getting her to pose. When our photographer moved in for close-ups, a normal procedure, she called a halt. Were the forces of vanity, shyness, or dignity at work?

Certainly, her illustrious beauty, which has withstood fifty-six years of aging, should give her no cause for concern before the camera. The radiance of her skin, suggesting the finest marble, has scarcely diminished. It is a delight to look into her crystal blue eyes.

She is a gracious, but reserved, woman, surrounded by an invisible cordon which, if not present in earlier years, may now perhaps be ascribed to a mellowing process and the consciousness of her public image. For all her articulateness, it is not easy to get to know her. Talking to her, I felt much the same as when I interviewed Sen. John F. Kennedy: that here is a person whose powerful and complex personality defies being bundled up in a neat sociological formula. So I shall not do Mrs. Luce the injustice of attempting to analyze her in this space, except to point out that she gives every impression of being dissatisfied with herself, with the exception of her tenure in Rome.

I do not think the public appreciates her depth. Her thinking is brilliant and sharply analytical. Though it might seem that her famous barbs are tossed off with abandon, this is quite false. Her moves are shrewdly calculated, including the devastating brickbat about her troubles with Sen. Wayne Morse beginning when he was "kicked in the head by a horse." But more of that in a moment.

Our two-hour interview with Mrs. Luce, ranging from memories of Rome to the theater, began with a request to visit her and record the conversation. As it turned out, this was her first interview since her resignation as Ambassador to Brazil amid the Washington furor.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P., Editor of THE SIGN, and I found ourselves in the cold elegance of a pink and crystal drawing room in the Luce's three-story apartment in a huge brownstone on New York's East Side. The other Luce residences are houses in Greenwich, Conn., and Phoenix, Ariz.

Picture windows in the drawing room overlook the East River. French furniture, much of it antique, fills the room, and the walls are lined with the Luce's art works, one of the finest

private collections in existence. Renoir, Rouault, Redon, Delacroix, and Goya are a few of the names represented. The focal point of the art is a Madonna and Child of the late fifteenth-century Florentine school, entitled *Madonna of the Roses*, a Christmas gift from Luce to Clare when she was in Rome. In the corner is a grand piano owned by Clare's only child, Ann, who was killed in a 1944 car accident at the age of nineteen. The void has never gone out of the mother's life, and mementoes of Ann are many in the apartment. Autographed pictures of Churchill and Pope Pius XII are displayed, too.

The contrast between this period room and Mrs. Luce's functional study with blond furniture and comfortable chairs is striking. Here, the works of Italian and French modernists hang on the walls. Taste prevails throughout and comes to its summit in the person of CBL herself.

On this particular day she wore a tailored gray sheath dress with jacket, a white and black polka-dot scarf, and black sandals. It is a mystery why, on so fragile a woman, a double strand of pearls, gold earrings with diamond sunbursts, a stunning ruby on a finger already carrying wedding and engagement rings, and a heavy bracelet of religious medals did not look cluttered. Yet every movement and gesture was made with grace.

"For the first time in my entire life," she said, "I am literally without commitments. I got off the plane in Washington the other day and I said to Dorothy Farmer, my secretary, 'I feel very, very strange. I feel physically very strange. I think I have lost something.' She looked at me and laughed and said, 'You don't have a brief case in your hand.' It was the first time I had gone anywhere without a brief case in a great many years."

"No plays or books in the works?" I asked.

"Well, no. I'm at this moment still struggling with the tail end of hundreds of letters that poured in about the episode in Washington, and I do want to answer them all because many people are still somewhat confused as to why I resigned." It was easy to see that she had been deeply wounded by the Morse affair, which has changed the course of her life. Charm, in this instance, could not cover bitterness.

With the Senate Foreign Relations Committee approving, 16-1, of her appointment to Brazil, with the Senate confirming, 79-11, with the President upholding her, and with 90 per cent of newspaper editorials backing her, many people have told Mrs. Luce they

thought she must be quitting. To these people she has tried to explain her action with the help of a few good editorials, such as the one appearing in *La Liberté* of Fribourg, Switzerland, which makes the point that Morse's monumental egotism played into the hands of the Soviet by embarrassing the U.S. in a critical area of foreign relations.

Many people fail to remember that Morse is chairman of the Senate subcommittee which handles inter-American affairs and that, as Ambassador, Mrs. Luce would have had to report to him. This is one of the keys to understanding why she resigned.

But why the "horse" remark? Before the Senate vote on approval of her was finished, Mrs. Luce knew she would have to resign. She couldn't resign to the newspapermen because one resigns to the President, and she realized she would have to discuss it with him. But first, what she wanted to do was to say something sufficiently provocative to make everybody in the country stop and look at what it was that had forced her to resign.

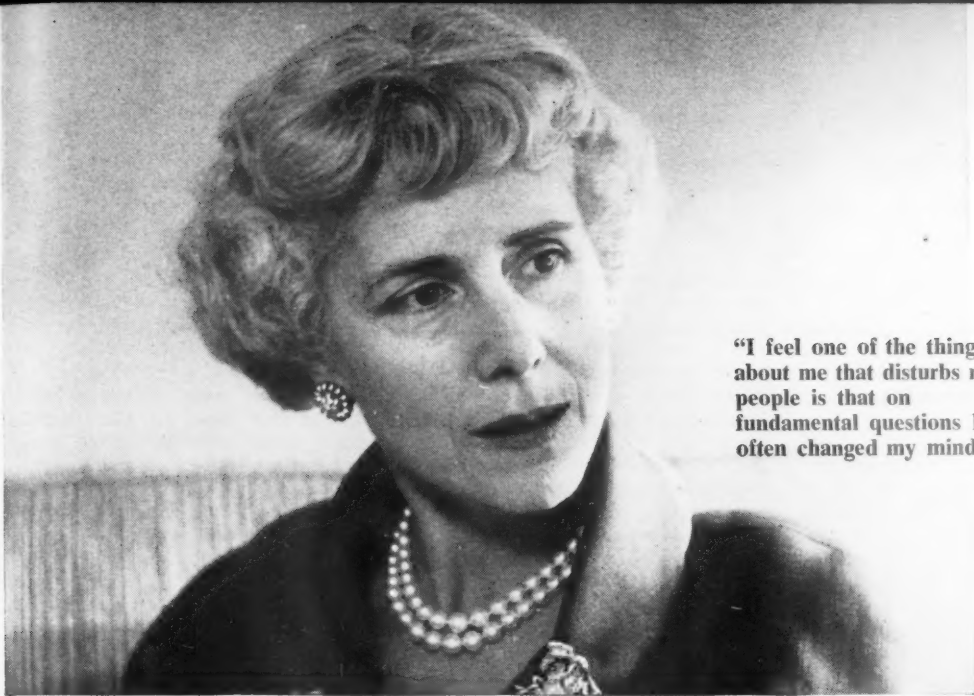
Many people think she made a diplomatic gaff. Actually she said something exceedingly rude to reopen the question on the Senate floor.

Her reasoning was along these lines: You can't send a diplomat into an area which is rampant with *Yankeeophobia* and wrap around his or her neck charges that the diplomat is a tool of bigness, a reactionary, a meddler, a subversive character, an agent for the oil companies and expect that person to arrive in that country under anything except a cloud of suspicion. She knew that in Brazil—a country afflicted with the gravest difficulties—her ability to perform her task would in large measure be conditioned by the good will which people had for her when she went there. And this was destroyed, as she pointed out in her letter of resignation. She kept the question open for two days before going to see the President in order that people would read the letter more thoughtfully. But apparently they haven't done so.

Mrs. Luce has been told that she is exactly the type of person to represent the U.S. abroad to counteract our ambassadorial image created by *The Ugly American*. This makes her smile, ruefully, and reflect on her preparation for the Brazil task.

She studied Portuguese and made a deep dive into Latin American affairs. She had four years of successful experience in Rome behind her and was eager to try to do what she could to





**"I feel one of the things about me that disturbs most people is that on fundamental questions I haven't often changed my mind"**

PHOTOS BY ED LETTAU

stem the tide of anti-Americanism in Latin America. But it would have been a very difficult task to accomplish when all the newspapers had printed the charges against her and would tend, if anything went wrong, to believe them. In other words, in the Luce view, not her enemies, but America's enemies, would have been provided with very big sticks to beat the U.S. around the ear with.

I reminded Mrs. Luce that it is just ten years since *THE SIGN* published an article she wrote on the battle for the world being spiritual, with victory not to be found in the yawning agnostics, sneering, finger-drumming atheists, or misty-eyed humanitarians.

"I feel one of the things about me that disturbs most people," she replied, "is that on fundamental questions I haven't often changed my mind. I would say the same thing today. I recently have been very interested in what I think is one of the most original insights into the world conflict that I have read, and that is Christopher Dawson's *The Movement of World Revolution*. He makes the point—which from my own experience I know to be abundantly true—that what we are witnessing all over the world today is the triumph of Western civilization minus its most important value, which is its spiritual value."

Movements for national independence which are made in a spirit of revolt against the West actually turn out to be Western revolutions, in Mrs. Luce's view. China is a case in point. The Chinese want what the West has gotten and want to be exactly like the

West, especially the U.S., and in seeking the best avenue to this goal, they have turned to Communism.

"It is a great mistake," she said, pausing to light a Benson & Hedges cigarette, "to think that Western civilization—everything from the gates of Moscow to the Golden Gate Bridge—is failing in its material and intellectual aspects. It is triumphing everywhere. You see the point I mean?"

"Now the vacuum in this Western revolution is a vacuum that is present in some degree in Europe itself, and in a much greater degree in Russia, which has had its Western revolution. That vacuum is in the spiritual order.

"Yet the great perception of the West is that man is a curious amalgam of body and soul, that his body is a temple for the soul, and this has made progress in the material order an imperative. So now we have come to a point in history where more and more nations, even though they pretend to hate us—and hate such as theirs is the other aspect of love—are in reality dying to become like the materialistic side of Europe and America, without its spiritual side."

The conversation swung to foreign aid, whether or not Khrushchev should come to the U.S., and a fascinating explanation Mrs. Luce offered about the reason the U.S. can always manage to keep an even keel in governing: We have developed to a fine art procrastination and compromise.

Then I asked her to reminisce a little about her days as Ambassador in Rome.

"My memories of Rome are for the

most part very happy ones," she said, and a lilt came to her voice. Here again a Luce gem came to the surface.

"You know, one of the wonderful things God did for human nature is to make it impossible for you to feel again pain. But He gave you the kind of memory that makes it possible for you to remember the pleasures. I don't think we are often enough grateful for this grace."

"You did have some painful moments in Rome, though?" Father Gorman queried.

"I had a great many painful and frustrating moments," she answered. "And so does every other ambassador, especially one going from a democracy to another democracy, because a democratic people have a way of expecting their ambassadors to bat a thousand."

"If I may say so, Mrs. Luce, you had a good deal of charm on your side," I volunteered. "But with regard to the physical pain, can you throw any light on the painting sickness you suffered?"

"Well, you know, in hearings before the Senate committee, I was asked was it not true that I was poisoned by arsenic in Rome? I explained that I had made repeated efforts to persuade the press not to use this somewhat lurid word, that I had had arsenate of lead, which was nothing but paint poisoning, which can, of course, be debilitating. In order to tell you all about that little episode I would have to mention names and techniques of our government which are used to protect all public officials. When the time comes, I will put down in my memoirs

what is necessary about that small and painful accident."

"So, you're planning an autobiography," I commented.

"Yes, I've begun some notes for it."

"What about the happy side of Rome?" I asked.

"My favorite memory of Rome is Rome itself with all its greatness and splendor, the extraordinary paradox of the Eternal City which is forever crumbling.

"The thing that always fascinated me in Rome was that nothing there ever gets lost. I think G. K. Chesterton once noticed that fact. They knock a pillar off a house and it turns up in the corner of a night club. They take the mosaics out of the Bath and they appear in a church. Rome is forever being knocked apart and reassembled.

"It is a beautiful and fantastic city," she went on, animatedly, "and one feels indeed that it is the mother of men. And there at the heart of it lies St. Peter's, the great forward spirit of the Faith that it stands for. It was made in the history of mankind. And there indeed is the beginning of the triumph of the West."

I was interested in finding out how *Child of the Morning*, Mrs. Luce's play about St. Maria Goretti, had fared when it was produced in Phoenix last winter. She has had several hits on Broadway (*The Women*, *Kiss the Boys Good-by*, *Margin for Error*), but *Child* had not garnered the same enthusiasm and was, in fact, the only one of her plays that lost money. She put it aside for the 1952 Presidential campaign.

"The Phoenix Civic Playhouse," she explained, "is probably one of the best known civic playhouses in the country. The satisfaction I had was that I hadn't been able to get a Broadway production because everyone said there wasn't too much interest in a Catholic play—and here it was being played in Phoenix, produced by a Mormon, played for the most part to Methodists and Baptists, and it was the biggest financial success they have ever had.

"And, believe me, in that part of the world the fact that Mrs. Luce wrote it might get them there for the opening night, but not for two weeks. My own view now is that the play has a small, but lively, future."

We tried to sound her out on the favorite work of her own, for she has created variegated pieces.

"Oh, I don't like any of it," she said quickly. "The curious thing about the theater or a play is that just when the curtain goes up you realize how it should have been written."

Aside from becoming the largest single investor in *JB*, Archibald MacLeish's Pulitzer Prize-winning modern adaptation of the Book of Job, Mrs. Luce said she really wasn't too close to modern theater any more. Some of the reasons why are extremely interesting.

"On one of my visits back from Rome, I went to see, among other things, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and I remember when I left the theater I was sputtering a bit. I felt that in Rome I had the task of explaining through our information services the great and important values of American life that should be preserved in the world—and the values in *Cat* were not the values I thought we were protecting."

Actually, she added, plays are difficult to write these days, one reason being that tragedy is hard to express in the Christian world.

"Take *Child of the Morning*, for example, and it really isn't a very good play. It leads inexorably to the moment when a young girl is murdered by a juvenile delinquent. Now that would seem to be a very tragic circumstance. But although everyone is weeping very hard when the curtain goes down, they all feel that the girl escaped tragedy completely because she went very happily to the arms of God.

"Resurrection," she said, "absolutely killed Greek tragedy. You cannot have sadness in the Christian world. You can have all sorts of painful and horrible incidents, even have mass horror, but in the end the Christian cannot believe in tragedy in the old-fashioned or classical Greek sense. So you can have drama, or melodrama, but you can't have a tragedy."

Tennessee Williams' plays seem to her to be just clinical melodrama. "In Williams' plays, no one is to blame for anything, not even society itself."

We had been circling the Church in many areas of our conversation, so at this point we seized an opening and asked her if the Faith had brought any consolations to her since she became a convert thirteen years ago.

"Very few consolations," she said.

"It can't be all bad," I smiled.

"Very few consolations," Mrs. Luce repeated. "It is a hard Faith. It used to amuse me very much when people would say, 'I'm sure your religion is a great comfort to you,' and I'd think to myself, well, yes and no.

"Of course, it's a good thing to know where you are and who you are and why you are. And Catholicism, which clears up this confusion for those who believe in it, is a very wonderful thing. You are no longer lost,

alone, and afraid in a world you never made. But it imposes duties and obligations that are very severe."

"Any examples?" we asked.

"The need to be charitable is sometimes the hardest thing of all," she said. "And as one frequently fails, at least I do, I feel very badly every time I know I fail. It makes me feel indeed that I'm a pretty sorry little creature.

"I go on doing the same things, making the same mistakes over the years, nevertheless having to get up and brush myself off and start all over again, always quite aware that I'm going to fall just as flat on my face probably the next morning—especially in respect to charity. It is very difficult."

We talked a little about the chapel she donated to Stanford University in Palo Alto, Calif., in memory of her daughter, Ann, and a joyful expression came to her face.

"It is a great source of guidance, a real joy, because by now there have been a hundred or so marriages in the chapel, and very often these young couples write to thank me for the joy they have had at the chapel, the fact that it brought them together, and they always remember my daughter and me in their prayers. I feel that this chapel has given me great strength—strength is a better word than comfort—and has given great strength to many young people.

"I love that chapel, and I often think that building it was one of the things I have done in my life, perhaps the one thing, of which I am happiest."

This seemed an appropriate spot to end the interview with the remarkable CBL. Her confidential secretary, Dorothy Farmer, who was formerly Bishop Sheen's secretary, came into the room, and her entrance made me think of something Bishop Sheen once said about Mrs. Luce: "There is something in Clare that no biographer could see unless he had undergone some similar transformation. You cannot realize the depth of her, the spectacular sublimity of her motivation, which I know about and which endures."

Clare and Dorothy walked with us to the elevator, which opens directly into Mrs. Luce's foyer. Clare's arm was around Dorothy, her eyes glistened, and she laughed more heartily than I had seen her do in the previous two hours. A bond of warm friendship between these two women was apparent. I wanted desperately to get a photograph of this very human scene. But I didn't ask. The mood would have been broken. And I knew that Clare Boothe Luce didn't want to break the mood.

# The Freedom of a SLAVE

by HILARY SWEENEY, C.P.

In the Gospel narrative according to Saint John, the eighteenth chapter, the following statements mark the stages in the Passion of Our Lord. "They took Jesus and bound Him and led Him away to Annas. . . . And Annas sent Him bound to Caiphas. . . . Then they led Jesus from Caiphas to the governor's hall. . . . Then Pilate delivered Him to them to be crucified, and they took Jesus and led Him forth." Taken and bound, delivered and led: such the weary road from Gethsemani to Golgotha.

He was taken with curses and blows. He was bound by cords, stripped, and dressed as a fool. Like a sheep for slaughter, He was led and didn't cry out. He was harried and jeered, and He was fettered at last by the nails that spread Him in pain upon the cross.

And to all these indignities upon His Sacred Person, Jesus submitted: He through whom, the Apostle John says, "all things were made, and without (whom) nothing was made that is made—He in whom, the Apostle Paul tells us, "we live and move and have our being"—He of whom He had Himself said: "He who sees Me sees also the Father."

Why did He submit to these shameful restraints upon His freedom? Why, in the most terrible meaning of those words, did He "empty" Himself, becoming "a slave"? Because, through the bondage by which He chose to become the plaything of men, Jesus willed to free men from the slavery of sin.

Who, after all, is taken and bound, delivered and led—if not the sinner? "Amen, amen, I say to you, everyone who commits sin is a slave of sin."

History yields, of her memory, many like Nabuchodonosor who fell from the clouds of their own glory to the clods of the earth in which they grubbed. Literature, in its grandest themes and most tragic heroes, speaks the same truth. And, not the memory of our race only, nor the insights of the wise, but our very consciences vindicate the truth of Jesus' words.

Who does not recognize himself, to some degree, in Tolstoy's sinner as he confesses: "I thought I had taken her, but it was she who took me; took me and does not leave me go. I thought I was free, but I was not free, and was deceiving myself." Yes, the sinner is bound by his evil choices, taken by the liberties he takes. "O God," cries Shakespeare's remorseful drunkard, "O God, that men should put into their mouths an enemy to steal away their brains!" Thus do sinners, "professing to be wise . . . become fools, receiving in themselves the fitting recompense of their perversity." And, should they remain in their sin, they are led to final impenitence, "delivered up," as St. Paul says, "to a reprobate sense." Yet always the sinner is bound and taken, delivered and led, really by his own will, just as Jesus really by His own Will "endured the cross, despising the shame." For, "no man," He said, "taketh my life from Me. I lay it down of Myself."

Here, then, is the paradox of Christ's Passion and of sin. Apparently bereft of His liberty, Christ was, even then, engaged in the sublimest exercise of freedom this world has even seen. And sin, which seems to glorify man's freedom, is in reality the only way man loses it.

When, then, we are tempted to sin, let us reflect upon the indignity we suffer by sin. For, by deliberate sin, we become slaves to the things in which we seek to express our freedom. And the loss of that which distinguishes us from mere brutes degrades us to a condition beneath them. For brutes, compelled as they are by their very nature, can never be anything but obedient creatures of God, whereas the sinner, bound to his sin, rejects his freedom under God for slavery to mere creatures of God.

This is obvious in the miser, the sluggard, the lecher, and the glutton. But it is true, also, of those who sinfully embrace more spiritual objects: honor, fame, and the superlative good. Indeed, in the former cases, the soul's

emancipation may sometimes be hampered by physical and psychological factors, while, in the latter, the sinner's enslavement is with even greater difficulty broken. Not for him the simple regimen of abstinences by which new habits displace the old. He is required, at once, to wrench his soul free from the subtle tyrannies of pure spirit.

If, therefore, we are moved with pity at the memory of Jesus, our God, bound and led, delivered and taken—knowing all the while that "He was offered because it was His own Will"—knowing all the while that in these bonds "He led captivity captive"—what shall we think of sin?

Shall we not think that it is sin alone which is the worst of evils? Shall we not think that even the degrading of God Himself in the Person of His own Son, by all the humiliations that we call His Passion, was as nothing compared with the sins for whose forgiveness He endured them? And shall we not think what it is we have forfeited our freedom for—or on account of which we are in danger of forfeiting it?

Is it a person with whom we do not know how to behave decently or with whom we are cruelly vindictive? Is it a person against whose poverty or poor health we shut our eyes, whose spiritual needs we neglect? Is it a place where we feel free to do what Jesus tried to undo for us? Is it a creature of any kind: an escape from duty, a pursuit of pleasure? Is it liquor, or money, or lust? Is it approval, promotion, or security?

Then realize that by all these things—seeking to be free—we become slaves. Realize that by all these things we degrade ourselves in a way that God Himself was not degraded in the Passion of His Son.

This is to keep before our eyes the image of Jesus delivered and taken, bound and led. This is to give meaning to, to find purpose in, the humiliations of Christ, who, to restore our freedom as children of God, "emptied Himself . . . becoming a slave."







## MARRIAGE UNDER A MICROSCOPE

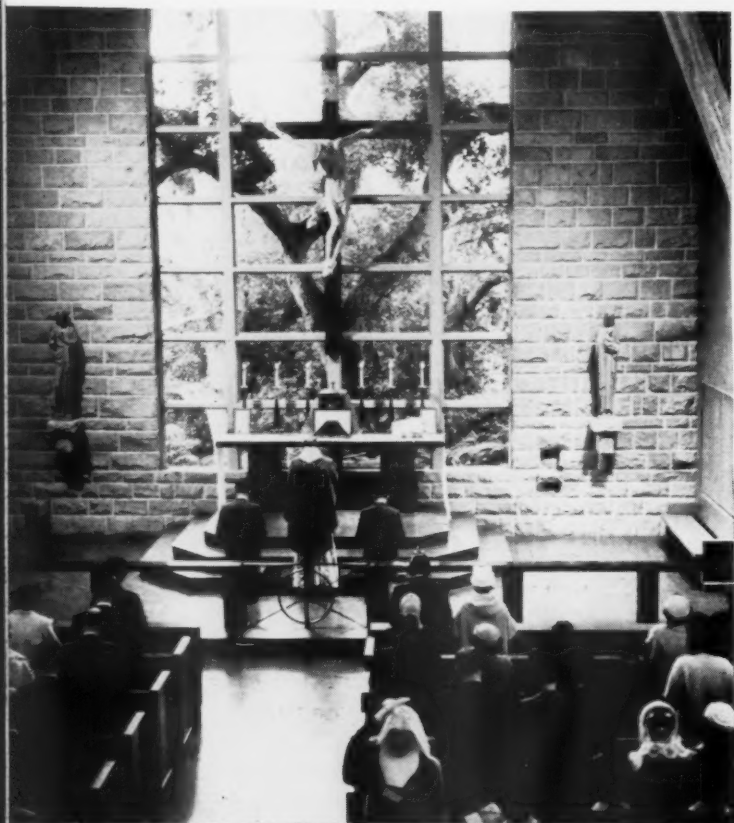
A relaxing weekend retreat welds husband and wife closer together and accents the spiritual unity of their vocation

Regular retreats for lay people are well accepted as a necessary ingredient in the attempt to live Christ in the world. Most retreats are for either men or women. But a deviation in this pattern is breaking through in many U.S. centers with the development of retreats for married couples. The first retreat house on the West Coast built specifically for couples is La Casa de Maria in a magnificent setting of cedars at Montecito, at the foot of the Santa Barbara Mountains. Operated by the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, La Casa was opened four years ago and accommodates twenty-four couples, each with private room and bath. Each year has seen the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Grimaud, of Sherman Oaks, parents of ten children, ages thirteen to six months. The photographs on these pages show the spiritual vigor they found examining their marriage in La Casa's peace.

**PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN**  
**BY JACQUES LOWE**



*With many helpers, Naomi Grimaud prepares to leave home on Friday evening; a housekeeper will take over. Her husband missed dinner, will eat during four-hour drive to La Casa*



*Twisting oaks form backdrop for huge crucifix over the altar. Nuns chant during Sunday Mass*



*Reading in their room between conferences*



*After talk with Father Gratian Gabel O.F.M. (preceding page), Grimauds kneel in chapel*



*"Alone and together," Harry and Naomi follow a winding path through the woods to make the Stations; the mood is right for contemplation*

*Renewal of marriage vows, climax of the retreat on Sunday afternoon, makes couples anxious to return to family roles to put grace into action*

If couples are one in mind and heart, how can they distract each other?

Sometimes the objection is voiced that husbands and wives should get away from each other to concentrate on things spiritual. The Grimauds say this is not so. Even if the couple does talk about children or daily affairs, says Naomi Grimaud, it is likely to be in reference to the spiritual values involved. "The purpose of a couples' retreat is not merely personal sanctification, although this is basic, but an inter-personal sanctification with the realization that each spouse must be a constant instrument and source of grace for the other and their family." The devotion of a retreat together provides energy for the devotion of living together, from the morning kiss to evening prayers, from diapers and dishes to the rigors of earning bread.



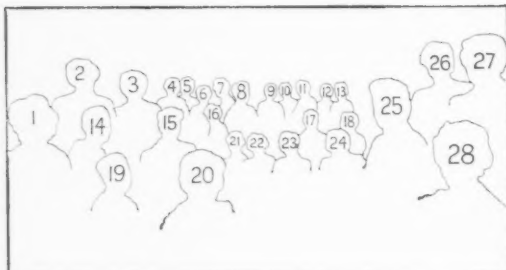
## **THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH**

One reason the lay apostolate is exerting vigor in the life of the Church in the U.S. is this group of ladies, whose homes range from Vermont to Texas. They are the chairmen and vice-chairmen of the National Council of Catholic Women's seventeen national committees which plan and organize religious, educational, social, and economic programs for the 12,000 women's groups throughout the country affiliated with the NCCW. After distinguishing themselves in their local communities, the ladies are now using their leadership talents for the broader field of Catholic Action, U.S.A.

As an indication that the NCCW's activity is no hit-and-miss affair, the ladies recently attended a three-day seminar in Washington, D.C., in which they underwent intensive training for their tasks. With the help of experts from the National Catholic Welfare Conference, they studied methods involved in restoring all things to Christ. The committees aim to provide women with formation in the principles of Catholic doctrine and social teachings, information on current affairs, and community and parish techniques for effective action. **THE SIGN** salutes these industrious leaders and their attempt to make American Catholic women from coast to coast more informed, articulate, and apostolic.



## **The feminine approach to Catholic Action**



1. Mrs. Harold Hande, Mattawa, Mich., vice-chairman Committee Co-operating with Catholic Charities
2. Mrs. W. R. Barnes, Marshall, Texas, vice-chairman Committee on Libraries and Literature
3. Mrs. L. A. Velarde, El Paso, Texas, vice-chairman Committee on Inter-American Relations
4. Miss Marguerite Scully, White River Junction, Vt., vice-chairman Committee on Civil Defense
5. Mrs. Bayard Kurth, Grosse Point, Mich., chairman Committee on Social Action
6. Mrs. James L. Molitor, Tulsa, Okla., vice-chairman Committee on Foreign Relief
7. Miss Edith Tighe, New Albany, Ind., chairman Committee on Libraries and Literature
8. Mrs. Charles O'Neil, Milwaukee, Wis., chairman Committee on Home and School Associations
9. Miss Edina Rodrigue, McComb, Miss., chairman Committee on Spiritual Development





JACQUES LOWE

10. Mrs. J. H. Miles, Sturgeon Bay, Wis., chairman Committee on Co-operating with the CCD
11. Mrs. John Flynn, Omaha, Neb., vice-chairman Committee on Legislation
12. Mrs. Frank Schaden, Detroit, Mich., vice-chairman Committee on International Relations
13. Mrs. Daniel O. McDonough, Bountiful, Utah, vice-chairman Committee Co-operating with CCD
14. Mrs. Ulric Scott, St. Paul, Minn., chairman Committee on Foreign Relief
15. Mrs. Leon Lamet, Warsaw, Ill., chairman Committee on International Relations
16. Mrs. J. F. Ryan, Coggan, Iowa, vice-chairman Committee on Rural Life
17. Mrs. Emerson Hynes, Arlington, Va., chairman Family and Parent Education Committee
18. Mrs. Robert Link, Sun Prairie, Wis., chairman Committee on Public Relations

19. Miss Angela Mazzola, St. Louis, Mo., chairman Committee on Inter-American Relations
20. Mrs. Charles B. Cushwa, Jr., Youngstown, Ohio, chairman, Committee on Catholic Charities
21. Mrs. Louis Meisner, Kansas City, Kan., vice-chairman Committee on Home and School Associations
22. Mrs. Raymond Boley, Phoenix, Ariz., chairman Committee on Legislation
23. Mrs. Stanley Searce, Ronan, Mont., vice-chairman Committee on Social Action
24. Mrs. James T. Edwards, St. Louis, Mo., vice-chairman Family and Parent Education Committee
25. Mrs. T. C. Van Hoose, Abilene, Texas, vice chairman Committee on Public Relations
26. Mrs. Jacobs Doyle, Nashville, Tenn., chairman Committee on Youth
27. Mrs. George Bain, Vienna, Va., vice-chairman Committee on Organization and Development
28. Mrs. Edward McHugh, Bridgewater, Mass., chairman Committee on Immigration



Though everyone else may laugh, neither the government nor the moonshiners see anything funny in the moonshine racket

# THE MOONSHINE RACKET

by EDWARD J. MOWERY

A WEATHER-WHIPPED and worried moonshiner recently left his mountain hideaway for a trip to town and accosted a federal agent whom he'd known for years. Eying the equally-rugged "revenoor," he drawled caustically, "You h'aint playin' f'ar and sq'uar. Yer usin' airplanes and walkie-talkies. And that's . . . agin' the code!"

Code or no code, Uncle Sam is conducting a real, shooting war against a gigantic moonshine "industry" that's spewing "white mule" from the swampy Everglades of Florida to the industrial vortex of Michigan. And this war is in no sense a skirmish.

An estimated 100,000 moonshiners and an army of federal, state, and local enforcement officers are slugging it out over a vast and difficult battle terrain.

The offensive troops—the hated "revenoors"—are using scientific detection devices, airplane reconnaissance, undercover intelligence techniques, high-powered pursuit cars, and modern weapons.

The redoubtable moonshine cult employs high-powered binoculars to observe the airplanes, 160 m.p.h. hot rods to outfox pursuers, and booby-traps when the going gets tough.

The stake is enormous.

Liquor industry experts estimate that 208,000 gallons of moonshine, worth \$3,102,000 at the consumer level, are pouring from illicit stills every day. The annual output—76,000,000 gallons—assertedly represents one-fourth of all liquor consumed in this country. And Thomas Bailey, head of the 950-

man force of federal agents, characterizes the moonshiner as "America's No. 1 tax thief."

"The moonshiner," Bailey declared, "isn't the dull, harmless, backwoods sharecropper making 'corn squeezin's' for personal consumption. He's a shrewd, wily individual engaged in a highly-profitable and illegal enterprise."

In New York, Thomas J. Donovan, vice-president of Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., said the moonshine boom costs the federal and state governments a billion dollars yearly in lost taxes.

From 1950 to '56 inclusive, Donovan explained, "known, verified" still seizures totaled 153,128 with nearly 90 per cent of the huge illicit production finding a commercial market. Moonshine flows steadily northward, he added, to such markets as Baltimore, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, and Detroit.

In a swing around North Carolina's moonshine perimeter, this writer found that "revenoors" are waging an all-out, 'round-the-clock war against moonshiners, a war described by one official as "a real rat race."

Surveying a dozen liquor-car hot rods just seized from bootleggers, including one car which still contained a full, 1,400-pound, moonshine cargo, he said:

"They're using every trick in the book. They try to dust you out of a chase on dirt roads. They've used tack 'traps'—peppering the roadway with tacks released by a dash-board lever. They steal or buy license plates at junk yards and transform '56 plates into '58's with chemicals or shellac.

"Each 'road' car hauls an average of twenty cases (120 gallons) of 100-proof moonshine, which ranges in price from \$18 to \$22 per case at the still. Drink-house patrons pay from twenty-five to fifty cents per two-ounce shot."

Are drink houses difficult to control?

"Extremely," Byrd said. "They're bolted and chained shut. We try to decoy the operators to the street. We'll have the siren going full blast. When they come to the door to see what's happening, we move in."

But the evidence, he agreed, may have gone down the drain.

At the federal building in Winston-Salem, Charles Nicholson, boss of the state's embattled T-men, said masterful deception is the key to successful moonshining and the enforcement problem is constantly mounting.

Nicholson, on a periodic inspection trip from his Charlotte headquarters, was outlining strategy to ten agents from nearby posts. The agents—big, clean-cut, sun-tanned ex-GI's—are wholesomely feared and respected by the army of moonshiners infesting the area.

In teams, they haunt the mountain slopes and rivers for "sign." Many have college degrees. And like the moonshiners they stalk, they know every trail, gully, ridge, and gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Trickery, the agents agreed, is the moonshiner's traditional ace-in-the-hole. Stills are camouflaged with laurel or pine to defy aerial inspection. Mountain tracks of still hands and their vehicles are brushed clean. Small trees

or bushes are planted to hide the exits of lanes leading to stills.

The deception even extends to the makeup of the liquor convoys which race from mountain still to urban delivery points.

The "lead" car is a speedy hot rod used as a decoy or to block pursuit. The "road" car carries the pay load, skimming over tortuous mountain roads at night, often without lights. The "town" car receives the moonshine cargo from the "road" car at a designated rendezvous point. It then delivers the half-gallon jars to regular customers.

But the T-men also have their bag of tricks.

They're using high-powered pursuit cars, movie cameras (to observe urban and road activity), ultra-violet lights (black lights) to identify markings, and deceptive techniques to flush their quarry.

Moonshiners must locate stills near streams. And federal agents have become tireless "branch walkers."

Little or no stigma is attached to a liquor law conviction in the "moonshine belt," Nicholson observed, but the still operator on occasion can be dangerous. Moonshiners have fired on reconnaissance planes.

"Finding stills in the Wilkes County area," an agent said, "requires no magic wand. The trick is detecting the still when it's 'mashed in' for the (four-day) fermenting cycle without leaving 'sign' and grabbing the operator while he's actually making moonshine."

OVER AT Wilkesboro, agents attached to the nine-man post, the largest in the Atlanta region, were preparing to do just that.

They included such veterans as Haywood Weddle, Robert Schmidt, Joseph Carter, and Charles Felts . . . dean of the "revenoors."

They would soon fan out in pairs over adjacent Trap Hill, Bugaboo Creek, Shore Ridge, and Windy Gap. Some were already prowling the mountains near Roaring River. The radio crackled and an officer yelled:

"Here it is! A twelve-box still on Cut Throat Ridge . . . east prong of Roaring River. Charlie (Felts) and Smitty will meet us . . ."

The agents checked their gear—sleeping bags, woolen blankets, axes, flashlights, handy-talkies, 38 "specials," and dynamite. We piled into cars and headed into the darkening mountains. Our rendezvous point: fifteen miles away.

The two agents met us as we left the moving vehicles (no lights) on a curve in a gully.

"Don't cough or use your flashlight," an agent whispered. "They can hear a twig snap a mile away."

If we were detected by a "hillsider" (lookout), there would be spaced gunshot signals or a "mountain shaker" (a dynamite blast). It was pitch dark as we plowed through a seemingly-impenetrable woods.

An agent maintained radio contact with the cars on the road and soon the odor of cooking mash was strong. Smitty and Felts—the "flush" man—descended a precipitous grade soundlessly.

And below, we soon came upon an eighteen-foot stack "steamer," bubbling mash boxes, coke-fed boilers, moonshine spilling merrily into the Roaring River, and also two abashed moonshiners.

A quick examination by Felts revealed that the still would produce 350 gallons of moonshine weekly with an estimated \$4,000 tax loss for each run. More liquor was hidden in a nearby "stash."

Agents quickly went to work with axes, and an eighteen-stick dynamite charge was placed where it would do the most good.

Scampering up the hill out of range, I heard a cry: "Fire in the hole!"

A fifty-foot geyser of sticky mash, moonshine, lumber, steel, and hose ripped into the air over Roaring River.

It was better than a Broadway opening . . .

What is the solution to the moonshine problem?

"I've wrestled with the problem for many years," Judge Johnson J. Hayes declared, "and I don't possess a master-key to the solution. I've tried every conceivable way to exterminate the (moonshine) business or curtail it as much as possible.

"Personally, I think whisky drinking is a tragedy. I also believe that it's not only illegal but immoral to make it."

Judge Hayes, now seventy-two, is an ardent dry who holds court in the state's moonshining hotbed.

"Making moonshine," he said, "has been indoctrinated in the people of this mountainous area. It has been a traditional occupation since the days of Washington, even before the advent of the white man. And there was no onus on the man who took a drink."

This is "natural" moonshine country, he explained, ideally adapted to

the production of both corn and fruit.

"There were no railroads and no roads worth mentioning prior to 1890," he said, "and slow, cumbersome wagons were the sole means of transportation. This situation—ample harvests and bad facilities to reach outside markets—afforded an economic excuse to convert corn into whisky and fruit into brandy. From bulky to compact freight . . . at greater profit."

Wilkes County, N.C. became a giant in the legal liquor industry before the turn of the century, but punitive taxation and price fixing changed the picture.

"The (Federal) law," Judge Hayes said soberly, "actually made criminals out of distillers. When prohibition came, the moonshiner replaced the distiller."

Early liquor tax frauds are fully documented in musty volumes of the Internal Revenue Record which reported the frauds in 1860 as "vast, universal, and astounding." In that year there were 1,193 distilleries in this country, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania, the leading producers.

Cost of grain and labor to make a gallon of whiskey was thirty-five cents. The tax was two dollars.

MOONSHINING IN WILKES, Judge Hayes said, is a normal occupation with violators falling into three categories: the "independent," moderate producer; the "bankroller" and syndicate racketeer; and the "amateur," who produces just enough to help out in his living expenses.

"I punish the commercial violator or racketeer," he said, "because this is the heart of the offense. You must use a lot of common sense and make seemingly irrational adjustments in sentencing a bootlegger. I've sent two solid train carloads of violators to prison in one term of court."

And at the next term of court, the same number again faced him.

"Of course in these times," Judge Hayes declared, "there's an economic reason for some people to make more money. I'll say, however, that most moonshiners won't steal or kill and their word is usually as good as their bond."

"There must be continuous and strenuous effort to combat this problem."

To what extent are high federal liquor taxes to blame for the moonshine boom?

"A former chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee," he drawled, "put it this way: 'You can shear a sheep many times. You can only skin him once.'"

EDWARD J. MOWERY, special writer for the Newhouse newspaper chain, worked for many years for the N. Y. World Telegram and then for the Herald Tribune. His articles have appeared in Look, Catholic Digest, Columbia, and other magazines.

by Aloysius McDonough, C.P

# THE SIGNPOST

## Prayer for Jews

*Is it true that there is a Catholic organization which specializes in praying for Jews?—V. D., BALTIMORE, MD.*

The Archconfraternity of Prayer for Peace and Good Will to Israel was founded in 1905, for the purpose of overcoming prejudice toward and promoting the conversion of the Jews. Their API Bulletin is published three times yearly. For further details, write to Notre Dame de Sion, 3823 Locust St., Kansas City 9, Mo.

## No Catholic Space Men

*I understand that there is not even one Catholic among the volunteers chosen for training for the pioneer flight into outer space. Why is this?—A. K., ERIE, PA.*

Frankly, we do not know whether there was a shortage or total lack of Catholics among the volunteers, or whether Catholic volunteers failed to qualify. Be that as it may, it is—to say the very least—debatable as to whether a Catholic or any other man may morally undertake such a venture at the present time, whether as a volunteer or otherwise. By the law of nature as well as by the Fifth Commandment, we are obliged to respect our own mortal lives as well as the lives of others. Suicide is unjustifiable, as well as murder.

## Classification

*Does membership in a Third Order imply a higher way of life than membership in a sodality?—A. N., DETROIT, MICH.*

Although any and all associations of the laity duly approved by the Church are commendable, each differs from the others in precise purpose and method. A Third Order Secular does imply a spiritually more refined way of life than a sodality, because it is patterned, in purpose and method, upon a Religious Order and is under the direct guidance of that Order, under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Religious. The primary purpose of such an Order is the spiritual perfection of the member.

## Oral Roberts

*How about Oral Roberts? Does God give him the power to cure all the people he claims to cure?—J. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

In these days of "miracle" food, drink, floor polish, and the like, we need to restore the word "miracle" to its original significance as a divine marvel. A real miracle is so great that there are those who claim that it is impossible even to God. While the Almighty is not restricted so that He may not act otherwise than according to the laws of nature which He authored, He alone can deviate from

those laws, He alone can authorize a miracle. A miracle is a proof of divine intervention and is authored by God as a divine voucher, a testimonial. "That you may know . . ." God would not—could not—delegate His ability to work miracles to one who preaches an ersatz form of Christianity. Logically, Roberts' "wonders" cannot be genuine miracles—appearances and the gullible to the contrary.

## "Hasten Slowly"

*How can we expect non-Catholics to believe in the infallibility of the Pope, when he does not proclaim his decisions immediately? If he knows he cannot err, why does he study a problem for years, together with many advisers?—L. D., GETTYSBURG, PA.*



For the sake of clarity, we should distinguish between the Holy Father's competence as the Supreme Ruler and the Supreme Teacher of the Church. It is infallibly certain that the Pope is the Supreme Ruler of the Church, but it does not follow that he is infallible in the exercise of that primacy of jurisdiction. Hence, it is a dictate of prudence that, in deciding upon disciplinary matters, he seek advice and "hasten slowly."

In his function as the Supreme Teacher of the Church, the Vicar of Christ could voice infallibly reliable declarations without advice and within an instant. But any such display of official self-confidence would hardly impress unbelieving non-Catholics. If and when non-Catholics are inclined to accept a teaching of the Church as reliable, their respect for such a teaching is based upon the very fact that much time and scholarly research have preceded a papal declaration. Just because they do not believe that the Pope shares a divine prerogative, they look for arguments based upon the Scriptures, Tradition, and human reason.

## Mormons

*While in Utah, I was annoyed to hear Catholics and Protestants lumped together as ignorant of the true Faith. Please give some background information on Mormonism which will show it up for the fraud it is.—J. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.*

We incline to think that you are unduly wrought up over your encounter with the Mormons. We know and can prove that Mormonism is not the true Faith, because it retains only fragments of Christianity and because it lacks a divine founder. But it seems safe to say that most Mormons take their religion for granted, that they are sincere. Logically, they would consider all other Christians as bereft of the true Faith—a more commendable attitude than the claim that one religion is as good as another.

They consider "Mormon" as a nickname for the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints." Their founder, Joseph Smith, was a native Vermonter. His alleged visions, while a farm boy of fifteen, led to the organization of a



"restored church." The urge for reformation was based upon dissatisfaction with a disintegrating Protestantism. Including dissident sects among them, the Mormons total about a million and a half members. They no longer practice polygamy. The Book of Mormon, published in 1830, is considered a supplement to the Bible and takes its title from a so-called prophet by the name of Mormon. Supposedly, Mormon lived in the western hemisphere, which was visited by Christ after His ascension to heaven.

### Three in One

a) What is meant by "Lead us not into temptation"?  
b) "He descended into hell"? c) What happens when the priest says Mass so fast you can't keep up with him?—  
G. F., NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., CANADA.

a) By those words, we pray Our Father in heaven to alert us against occasions of sin and not to permit us to succumb to temptations. b) The reference in the Creed is to the limbo of all the just souls who awaited the triumph of their Saviour. c) You deserve credit for doing the best you can. Following the Mass with your missal is the ideal way to participate in the holy sacrifice. Your facility in using the missal will improve, with time and patience. The pages you need to turn to should be marked beforehand. It might be advisable for you, as a beginner, to be satisfied to follow the priest in the "ordinary" or everyday parts of the Mass. Later on, you can add the prayers proper to each day.

### Pope's Intentions

To gain indulgences, what prayers must be said for the intentions of the Pope, and what are his intentions?—  
S. W., OAKLAND, CALIF.

To comply with the requirement, it is sufficient that you have a general intention to pray for the intentions of the Pope or the Church. Those intentions are the following: the exaltation of the Church, the propagation of the Faith, the end of heresy and schism, peace and harmony among Christian rulers and nations, and other blessings for the welfare of Christianity.

Unless specific prayers be assigned, it is left to the choice of the individual to say whatever vocal prayers his generosity may suggest. In connection with indulgences, prayers may be said in any language, provided a translation is correct. Hence, any additions or omissions are out of order: a substantial change in a prayer voids the title to an indulgence.

### Fatalism?

What about Eugene O'Neill's puzzlement over free will?—  
R. W., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Under the caption, "The Greatest Tragedy of Eugene O'Neill," Croswell Bowen wrote in *Look*: "O'Neill was reared in the Roman Catholic Faith. He was taught that man possesses free will and freedom of choice, but he also was told that God knows the future of all His creatures."

In the very nature of things, God does and must know the future without any reservations—even the future actions of His free creatures. Otherwise, He would not be omniscient, He would not be God. He would depend upon mere creatures for His information as to their doings. Because we are so limited, we have to think in terms of the past, present, and future. Although the idea is difficult

for us to grasp with perfect clarity, we should try to understand that, with God, there is no such thing as past, present, future. What we consider future, the "foreseen," is known or seen by Him within an eternal, all-embracing "now." When we time events as before or after, we do so because our mental vision is limited, piecemeal. There are no horizons to the vision of God—our future is already within His now.

The definition of predestination which you found is, indeed, typical of Presbyterianism as it was in the days of its founder, Calvin: "God sends a man to heaven or hell independently of what a man does or tries to do." Any such brand of gloomy fatalism is an insult to a God who is perfect and, therefore, perfectly just as well as merciful. We are divinely sure that fatalism is absurd, for the simple reason that the Almighty has consistently revealed a policy of sanction—reward and punishment on the basis of personal merit and demerit. Typically, the just man is commended as one who "could have transgressed and did not transgress." (Eccles. 31:10) Merit and demerit necessarily imply freedom, self-determination. Furthermore, a "Calvinistic God" is in open conflict with the motivations of Christ in accomplishing the Incarnation and in undergoing a passion unto death—"for us and for our salvation."

### Canon

Please explain what is meant by the Bible canon.—L. J.,  
RICHMOND, VA.



In general, the word canon conveys the idea of a norm, a guide, a criterion. Hence, the expression "the canons of good taste." The collection of disciplinary rules of the Church are known as the Church's Canon Law—each law is numbered in orderly sequence, as Canon 1, Canon 2, and so on. Applied to the Bible, the word "canon" means the official list of biblical books, recognized by the Church as inspired. It is all important that there be a complete list of canonical books—otherwise an edition of the Bible might be encroached upon by profane or apocryphal books. An apocryphal book is one for which divine inspiration is falsely claimed. According to the infallible enumeration of the Council of Trent, there are, all in all, seventy-two books in the Bible. According to their predominant features, the various books are historical, doctrinal, or prophetic. The original languages of the Bible are Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek. The forty-five books of the Old Testament contain God's written word to men prior to the advent of Christ. The New Testament contains twenty-seven books.

### Divine Praises

Why is it that a priest in our archdiocese omits the Divine Praises after Mass?—T. C., QUINCY, MASS.

The Divine Praises originated, in a shorter form, toward the end of the eighteenth century, in a spirit of reparation for blasphemy and profanity. This prayer is always recited at the end of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. To prescribe its recitation at the end of every low or read Mass is the sole right of the Ordinary of the diocese. Hence there is not a little variation throughout the country. It often happens that a visiting priest comes from a diocese where the Divine Praises are not prescribed. Attached to the recitation of the Divine Praises are the following indulgences: for each recitation privately, three years; when recited publicly, five years; when said daily for a month, a plenary indulgence, under the usual conditions.

# WOMAN to WOMAN

by KATHERINE BURTON

## Women's Magazines

No one enjoys more than do I the pages of Dan Herr in *The Critic*. Mr. Herr's irony is real and tonic; he pushes far better than he has ever been pushed. On the other hand, facts remain facts. No matter how fine the irony reads, no matter how many join in the laughter at something exposed as silly, facts must be respected.

In his page last month he gave what was additional data on an article in *Ave Maria* of some months ago. I missed that but have now perused it. It purports to give the low-down on what is written and read in women's magazines and, of course, inferentially the low state of those who read them. I have already had two letters from my own constituents, one asking is Dan Herr a woman-hater, the other, does he just read ads? In his article he gave, page by page, bitter (and after a while boring) proof of what women read. His pockets were full of heavy shot and woman was high on the seesaw with Mr. Herr on the ground watching her clinically.

I read with some surprise his listing of quotes from what he calls women's magazines and they are, I fully agree, terrible and sickening. However, he lists too many; he blunts his points and by the time he reaches the umptieth horrendous hit you don't care any more. I who do go through the women's magazines, partly for my information and partly for enjoyment, looked to see where he got this stuff. The quotes are from *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *Mademoiselle*. But, my dear critic of women, these are not women's magazines in the real meaning of the word. They are fashion magazines. They have fine patterns, but even in this they cater largely to the elegant, the *avant garde*, the *type moderne*. Then, to add to the confusion, he quotes only from the ads! This is really hitting below the belt, even though there is often no belt line on ultramodern garments in ultrafashion magazines. And, though I can't swear to it, I'll wager many of those wild ads were written by men, or at least approved by them. Anyway, ads are the paid part of any magazine and so make possible the publishing of the reading part. Too bad, but so it goes in this man's world.

## What They're Like

As for the women's magazines and Mr. Herr's article on them in *Ave Maria*, I have now turned my bifocals on them. This time he lets in *McCall's* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. And this time he gets into the meat of the magazines and finds it very stringy. "What women's magazines are really like," *Ave Maria* blandly heads his article.

Both page and article have been written with contempt, and that I resent. There is poison on the typewriter ribbon. It is fun to write that way, but I shall resist the temptation.

Shall we, however, in our weak feminine way (I told you it was easy) take up a little of what goes into the real women's magazines which he has quoted. For *McCall's* I hold no brief. It has lost much of its vitality and is responsible for that awful phrase, "to-etherness." I do find a series of answers to a query as to what is the most si gle

useful thing about being a mother. Among others Phyllis McGinley answers that it is "casualness." But in general *McCall's* has slumped even if it still sells well. I think it sells because of its fine pattern department and its excellent home-making departments.

A swift perusal of this month's *Ladies' Home Journal* turns up the following, among other things: an article on the hard-to-place adoptive child, one on slow learners, Jean Kerr's article on etiquette for children, funny but also sane; "Freedom to survive is self-limited" by Dorothy Thompson, and a fine article by Rev. H. V. Sattler, a Redemptorist, "The Challenge of Chastity," still a fine old virtue. The "Can this Marriage be Saved?" series is, after all, factual and deals with ordinary difficulties; if one of them saves only one reader's marriage, it was worth while. As for the ads, I cannot find here the excruciatingly wild ones Mr. Herr found in the fashion magazines. Here are ads on vacuums and silver and sewing machines. There are such heads as "It sprinkles as you iron" . . . "gourmet ways to serve a vegetable" . . . "never again to ruin a roast" . . . "give your hair extra shine" . . . "dry in a wink, says Mom."

## Church, Cooking, and Children

In short, a good deal of this seems to sum up the dear old Kaiser's adage—even though he pushed it to extremes—that women's chief concerns are Kirche, Küche, and Kinder. Well, the churches are crowded with them (but of course there were three women to one man even at Calvary); the kitchens are full of them; and Kinder are all over the place, with large families the rule even with no maids at less than fifty a week. If a statue of a modern pioneer mother is ever sculpted, my suggestion would be a woman pushing a supermarket cart, a baby up in front in it, a small child trotting beside her.

I admit freely that what Mr. Herr found and quotes is terrible. I agree that the stories are not the type he reads or wants to read. But then the Mrs. Christopher type of book is not to the taste of everyone, either. There is a certain intellectual sterility growing among us in novels, brought mainly from England where they are way ahead of us in this kind of writing, one which sounds to me as if they thought only a select few understand the Church.

One must remember that the backbone of America is to a good extent made up of child-raisers and homemakers, and if advertisers want to put silly ads among good articles, who cares? Consider TV ads—and the sometimes fine productions they pay for. Somehow I feel unselfconscious, aware of real simplicity (though I may be called simple) among these handlers of real problems who talk to homemakers about food and gardens and such. I like the other kind of reading best right along with Mr. Herr, but I guess I just don't qualify as a pure intellectual. I don't like to look down. I like to look around. You don't get dizzy.

I think Dan Herr is one of our most invaluable critics. We need his dry wit and even his scalpel. I just think he should have consulted a few average women before he wrote the article and the page.



Returning to TV after a two-year Hollywood hiatus, Ernie Kovacs and wife Edie Adams appeared recently on the entertaining Kovacs on Music show



Star of The Jimmy Rodgers Show with his featured vocalist, Connie Francis, who has zoomed to the top with her recent hit records

## RADIO and TELEVISION

by John Lester



Bob Hope, irrepressible star of radio, TV, and films, has been ordered by his doctors to curtail his activities still further next season

★ The biggest and most significant news to reach this department during our recent, brief hiatus was the announcement that the 1960 Winter Olympics in Squaw Valley, Calif., will be televised "live" and on videotape.

The network will be ABC, which topped both CBS and NBC in the bidding to get the assignment.

Present plans are for coverage on each of the eleven days of the games, Feb. 18 through Feb. 28 inclusive.

This will be the first "live" coverage of the games by any U. S. station or network, which would be something to point to with pride under any circumstances.

In view of the shameful throttling of TV during the 1956 games, however, it assumes an importance that can't be stressed too much.

In effect as well as in actuality, the throttling of TV coverage of the last Olympics served to throw up another Iron Curtain behind which the Russians could maneuver unchecked and, eventually, thanks to their own scoring system, come up with a victory on points.

Naturally, this so-called "triumph" for the so-called "supermen" of Red Russia over athletes of the free world was trumpeted far and wide and, naturally, too, amounted to a neat bit of propaganda.

But probably the most shameful aspect of the whole shameful mess, by means of which the peoples of the world, free as well as slave, were deprived of TV's immediacy, was the fact that its throttling was accomplished with the help of the lethargic attitude of certain American officials.

If they weren't actively and directly responsible for bringing it about, at least they apparently did nothing actively and directly to thwart it.

In any case, we've been amply forewarned this time and have had nearly four years in which to make counterplans and, so far, have succeeded.

Good coverage by ABC-TV of the winter games at Squaw Valley next February will create—or should create—extensive interest in the balance of the games, mainly the all-important track and field events that will be held in Rome later on.

### Italian TV Pledged

At this writing, it appears Italian TV will originate extensive "live" TV coverage that will be relayed through Eurovision—the European network that connects about twenty countries—to most of the rest of the Continent.

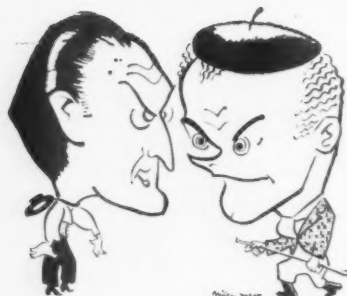
Even though this coverage will be



Al Lohman, Jr., newest attraction for radio fans in New York area. The Texas satirist's early-morning show has "a gigantic cast of one."



Comedienne Pat Carroll gives her impression of broadcasting's unsung heroes—operators of one-man radio stations around the country.



Sid Caesar and Art Carney, two of TV's most skilled laugh-makers, are scheduled to appear together several times next season.

telecast principally via film and videotape to the U. S., Canada, and Latin America, it will be shown within a matter of hours and before the Redskins have a chance to pull any of the nefarious, underhanded pranks for which they are famous—or infamous.

So, we'll be able to see what's going on—or has taken place shortly before—and the risk of our being bamboozled by a deft shuffling of points scored for such events as standing-and-looking, finger-twiddling, etc., will be reduced considerably.

Being beaten fairly and squarely is one thing, but being cheated by some rapid calculation is quite another matter, one we're not expected to like or even tolerate.

### In Brief

Dinah Shore recently startled reporters who asked if she'd like to star in a Broadway show by answering: "I've never been asked!" (How could someone miss a chance like that?) . . . *The Rin Tin Tin Show* has been renewed for another five years . . . Just for the record: Charley (Cliff Arquette) Weaver's *Letters From Mama*, his radio-TV "trademark" for many years, now are in book form and doing nicely, thank you . . . Even though Arthur Godfrey practically demanded that Sam Levenson be his chief replacement while convalescing, the ex-school teacher-turned comic is shaky at the network (CBS) because the ratings have steadily declined since his take-over. . . . Word's around again that certain very big TV stars are getting kick-backs in cash from certain of their guest stars. One of the very biggest, involved in a \$450 kick-back from a young singer who could ill afford it (not that such a practice is right under any circumstances) is being checked—and watched—by the powers-that-be.

### "Oscar" And "Emmy"

It seems that every time we build enthusiasm for an upcoming TV project, we're in for a drastic deflationary experience.

Take the recent "Oscar" and "Emmy" telecasts on NBC-TV, for example, coverage of the awards given annually by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and the Academy of TV (and Radio) Arts and Sciences, respectively.

The first, though happily free of commercials and truly institutional for the first time, was a distinct disappointment in that it was marred by several injections of skits, bits, and material, some of which were downright silly.

The second, while it showed some evidence of progress, didn't show anywhere near enough and remains a hodge-podge of categorical confusion.

Except for the choice of *The Dinah Shore Show* as best in the musical or variety category, and a few others, the individual viewer's list of preferences would be about as good as the "official" one aired May 6.

### New Worlds for Guy

Guy Lombardo, famous for nearly forty years for the Sweetest Music this Side of Heaven, has set out to conquer "new worlds"—one, at any rate—and this summer will attempt to drive a speed-boat at speeds in excess of 300 miles per hour.

Long a speed-boat enthusiast, the veteran radio-video star recently revealed designer Les Staudacher (with the co-operation of the Aluminum Co. of America) is currently at work on a craft in which he'll try to better Donald Campbell's new world record of 260-odd miles an hour.

Lombardo apparently isn't concerned with the risks involved in piloting the speedy boat this summer on Lake Mead, Nev., nor does he seem to have any doubts as to Staudacher's ability to come up with the winning design—aided by Alcoa products.

His main worry from the beginning, he said, was whether or not he could get his wife, Lilliebell, to say "yes" to the venture.

Permission was granted—finally—but whether or not it will be rescinded remains to be seen.

### CBL Has TV Value

The headline-making resignation of Clare Boothe Luce (see Page 41) as Ambassador to Brazil has increased the demand for her services on television.

CBS Films has produced ten episodes in a filmed series, *The Diplomat*, which will show how U.S. representatives work in foreign countries. The cases are taken from State Department files.

Mrs. Luce was hostess on the pilot film, opening and closing it much the same as Loretta Young does for her show. The premiere film dealt with how the State Department smuggled out the text of Khrushchev's secret denunciation of Stalin and broke the story to the world.

The present plan calls for Mrs. Luce to be hostess for the entire series. Sponsors are lining up to get in on what looks like a sure hit. There's been no announcement yet, but the series may start in the fall.



# BOOK REVIEWS

## SOCIAL PRINCIPLES AND ECONOMIC LIFE

By John F. Cronin, S.S. 436 pages.  
Bruce. \$6.50

Father Cronin, the experienced and learned assistant director of NCWC's Social Action Department, has produced another book. It was begun as a revision of the very serviceable *Catholic Social Principles*. So extensive were the revision and the addition of new material that it has turned out to be a new work. As usual it marks a major contribution to social thinking in the United States.



John Cronin

The organization of this latest book is similar to the former volume: an exposition of the Christian social order and brief explanations of other social philosophies; the application of Christian social principles to the socio-economic order in America; and finally (a welcome improvement) an application of social principles to selected social and political problems other than the merely economic. Abundant excerpts from authoritative documents, incisive commentary by the author, extensive, up-to-date, topically arranged and annotated reading lists pervade the chapters. Excellent bibliographies round out the book.

As usual, Father Cronin brings to his work that clarity of style, fairness of presentation, and humility of judgment in facing open issues which are the envy of every genuine teacher and analyst. He is willing to admit changes in his own thinking, e.g., in the matter of implementing the just family wage; and he does not hesitate to urge correctives on high-placed objects, e.g., churchmen who are employers; nor to propose original ideas, e.g., a new Hoover Commission to rethink and formulate a due modern fiscal policy.

In the section on socio-economic institutions, he devotes calm, balanced, and concise treatment to questions concerning the rights and duties of management and labor, the problems of proper wage scales, inflation and unemployment, controverted issues of strikes and Right-to-Work Laws, the changing

roles, in economic life, of property and the state.

The final section considers international questions of trade and population; racial discrimination; civil liberties; housing; education; rural life, etc.

A few minor criticisms may be in order. The author (and this was especially true of the former book) tends to give the impression that the "social question" is the same as the merely "socio-economic question." Culture, education, civil liberties, juvenile delinquency, family disorders, parish life, etc., all enter vitally into consideration of the total social question. Undoubtedly, Father Cronin agrees that

the social question is much broader than the socio-economic, but his major preoccupation has been with the latter. Then, too, it would have been helpful if the author had explained that the word "state" translates many quite different Latin expressions in papal documents. Its use in English is often misleading. Finally, I would suggest that social justice be so conceived as to include distributive as well as contributive justice, since both aim at the common good. These are minor criticisms which we make while heartily recommending to readers of *THE SIGN* this outstanding book of Father Cronin's.

JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER, S.J.

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3. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Rev. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House
4. **THE HIDDEN FACE.** By Ida Friederike Goerres. \$4.95. Pantheon
5. **THIS IS YOUR TOMORROW . . . AND TODAY.** By Fr. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. \$3.95. Bruce
6. **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. THERESE OF LISIEUX.** Trans. by Ronald Knox. \$4.50. Kenedy
7. **WE HAVE A POPE.** By Msgr. Albert Giovannetti. \$2.75. Newman
8. **APPROACH TO PRAYER.** By Dom Hubert Van Zeller. \$2.50. Sheed & Ward
9. **CONVENT READINGS AND REFLECTIONS.** By Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D. \$4.25. Bruce
10. **MY FIRST SEVENTY YEARS.** By Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C. \$3.50. Macmillan

## THE BRIDE: ESSAYS IN THE CHURCH

By Daniel Berrigan, S.J. 142 pages.  
Macmillan. \$3.50

Few writers in our day, at least on this side of the Atlantic, have addressed themselves to St. Paul's charismatic concept of the Mystical Body with such loving ardor and penetrating insight as Father Berrigan, as evidenced in these spirited and luminous essays.



D. Berrigan

When last year his first published volume, *Time Without Number*, was presented to the public as the Lamont Poetry Selection for 1957, critics were quick to recognize in this shyly intense priest of the Society of Jesus a poet of unusual power and authenticity. In the present work they will find him the possessor of a prose style no less iridescent and challenging.

Flashes from deep Scripture and from St. Augustine reinforce Father Berrigan's reflections, as do also touches of clarifying splendor from St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa of Avila, and other great souls who drew their very breathing from that "bundle of myrrh" which is Christ's beloved. Glints from the thinking of alert moderns—socially sensitive, religious intellectuals like deLubac, Danielou, Voillaume, and deGrandmaison—likewise scintillate across these pages.

## Of councils, Calvary, contemplation, and contrition . . .

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Translated by  
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### ALIVE IN CHRIST: Meditations for Young People

by Ralph Campbell, S.J.

Father Campbell combines the liturgical cycle of the Church with the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola to create a book designed to aid young people in becoming mature Christians. The meditations in the book are broken up into short thought blocks, each section aimed at providing several minutes of solid mental prayer for a young man or woman. **\$3.75**

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But the intellectual suppleness and precision which Father Berrigan brings to these studies are strictly his own. To appraise this work as a poem in prose would be to miss the point. For all his intuitive idealism, Father Berrigan is a determined realist, an outspoken Christian humanist. The Church's task, as he sees it, is to make sure that her superabundant energy—that vital current which is Christ's own life abiding in her—is channeled into every department of human activity and concern.

In such a scheme of Christian reconstruction there is no place for insularity or the *apartheid* spirit. For, as he points out, "the work of grace is a social enterprise . . . The Church at the altar is not lost in God in the sense that she has forgotten the men for whom she was created . . . Nothing truly human or valuable lies outside her ambit."

Considering the tensions of contemporary society, this is a message sorely needed. This book could well become a modern Christian classic.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

### THIS IS YOUR TOMORROW . . . AND TODAY

By Fr. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O.  
Bruce. 207 pages. **\$3.95**

A year after its publication, Fr. Raymond's *You* maintains its hold on Catholic best-seller lists. The Trappist author's new entry is certainly heading for those lists and should arrive there not only quickly, but stay on them for a long time. The book's chief claim to deserved popularity will be its strong human interest, even stronger doctrinal content, and a heartbreaking pertinence for a vast number of people.

This is a book about a man dying of cancer. The man is a father of seven children, the oldest in her teens, the youngest still teething. He is also the brother of Fr. Raymond who, during the months that preceded his brother's death, strove mightily and successfully to have the victim and his wife live and face death "gloriously," that is, in the light shed by the glorious mysteries of the rosary.

"It is heaven all the way to heaven" is a difficult idea for a suffering man to comprehend, but it is the theme which Fr. Raymond worked out for his brother in a series of letters which became the raw material of his new book. To make this theme a reality, Fr. Raymond calls upon the richness of the doctrine of the Mystical Body, the concern of God for man, our union with the mysteries of Christ in and through the Mass, and our true relationship with Mary, His Mother.

But for all the strength of doctrine,

and the skill and compassion with which Charlie Flanagan's story is told, the book has glaring faults. If you have read Fr. Raymond before, you will recognize them at once. The book is just too wordy. It's badly edited. The criss-crossing of the personal story with its doctrinal implications becomes ultimately more distracting than helpful, because too often perspective and balance are lost in a style that rambles.

Few books could survive the stylistic problems encountered in this one. But Fr. Raymond's book, because it says important things in a way they are seldom presented, is not only to be recommended but sincerely praised.

JOHN J. KIRVAN, C.S.P.

### WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING

By R. MacGregor Dawson. 521 pages.  
Univ. of Toronto. **\$7.50**

William Lyon Mackenzie King was Prime Minister of Canada for a longer period than that of any other Prime Minister in the history of the British Commonwealth. Like his contemporary, Franklin D. Roosevelt, he was greatly admired and greatly hated.

King was eminently equipped for public life. Politics was in his blood. His maternal grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, was the leader of an ill-starred revolt which contributed to political freedom in Canada. A Presbyterian, his religious beliefs led to interest in social questions. He felt a call to public service.

As a graduate student, he became interested in settlement house work, being deeply influenced by Arnold Toynbee and Jane Addams. After study at Toronto, Chicago, and Harvard, the young man pioneered in the new field of labor-management relations. Founding editor of *The Labour Gazette* (counterpart of the U.S. monthly *Labor Review*), he was also Canada's first Deputy Minister of Labor.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was so impressed with him that he made King head of that Foundation's Department of Industrial Relations. He was a genuine humanitarian, motivated both by religion and personal ambition, with the political skill of a remarkably effective conciliator.

This biography, written by one of Canada's foremost social scientists, is a realistic but sympathetic portrayal. It traces King's life and political career up to the firm establishment of his first administration as Prime Minister. It may well be the definitive work on the subject. From it, U.S. readers will gain a deeper understanding of the working of Canadian government and of their neighbors to the North.

DORIS DUFFY BOYLE

## THE MIRACLE OF THE MOUNTAIN

By Alden Hatch,  
Hawthorn.

223 pages.  
\$4.95



Alden Hatch

The rather grandiose Oratory of St. Joseph at Montreal has, during recent years, become almost as popular with pilgrims and tourists as the beloved basilica of St. Ann de Beaupre near Quebec. But the little lay brother whose extraordinary cures first brought fame to the original sanctuary on Mount Royal remains to many either a stranger or a legend. This handsome volume tells his story in meticulous detail, being largely a transcript of the question-and-answer method used at the official inquiry into his Cause for possible canonization.

Brother Andre was ninety-one when he died in 1937, and his whole life had the quaint simplicity associated with rural Canada. Born into a large and poor but piously industrious family, he could not even read or write until in his early twenties he was received as a lay brother by the Congregation of the Holy Cross. At its local college he served humbly and happily as porter, until his gift for healing—which he always attributed to St. Joseph's intercession—began to attract more and more attention. As usual, not all of this attention was favorable; for if suffering humanity was all too eager to believe, the ecclesiastical and medical authorities were properly vigilant.

Brother Andre was, as the author points out, the type who in an earlier age might have been declared a saint by acclamation. His cult has developed into a pious industry at the Oratory, where pilgrimages and apparent cures still continue. So it seems not unlikely that many living today may see his official beatification. Meanwhile the present volume may well serve as a source book for later and briefer biographies.

KATHERINE BREGY.

## TO APPOMATTOX

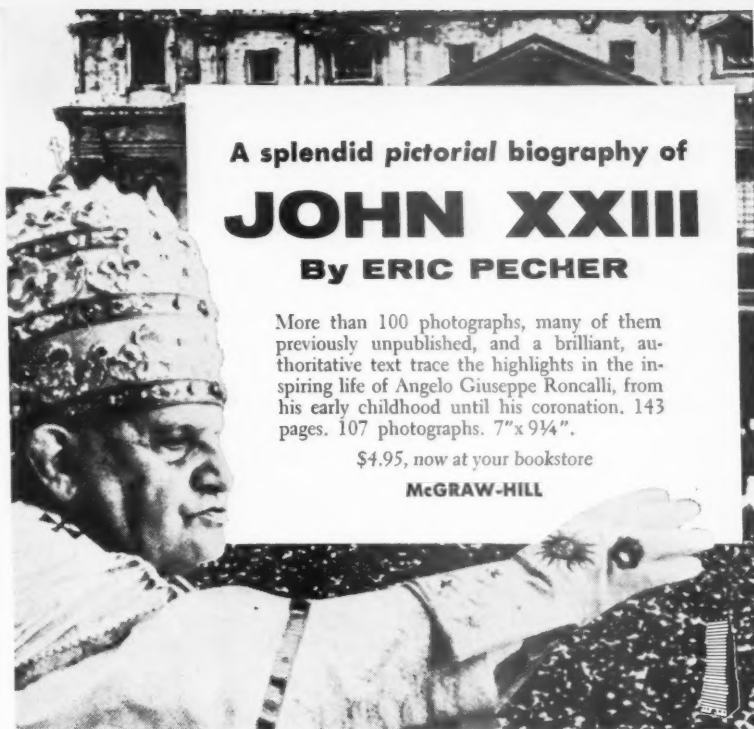
By Burke Davis,  
Rinehart.

433 pages.  
\$6.00

The main impression this reviewer has of *To Appomattox* is that Mr. Davis might better have labored on something else.

Not that this is a bad book. It is readable enough and well organized. It also has the advantage of being indexed.

But, Mr. Davis is an accomplished biographer: of Lee, Jackson, and Stuart. Here, he gets away from bi-



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ography to do the sort of thing on the last nine days of the Civil War that W. A. Swanberg did in *First Blood* on the few months before and after the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter.

And again, as in *First Blood*, it just doesn't seem that either period requires such an exhaustive approach—to the general reader, at least.

No, I think Mr. Davis—and Mr. Swanberg, too, who mined much gold in his masterly book on the rapscallion Dan Sickles—should have continued in the biographical vein.

And if either of these gentlemen, or any other Civil War historian, for that matter, is looking for a fit subject, allow me to pass one on gratis.

I refer to Gen. George E. Pickett, he of the flowing locks, whose name has been given to the most glorious episode in American military history and who remains so much of a mystery withal.

Was Pickett, as some have hinted, a coward? Did he actually take part in the charge at Gettysburg? There have been rumors to the contrary. Lee apparently didn't like him. But why? Confederate Gen. Gorgas is quoted as saying in *To Appomattox* that General Pickett was dissipated. But there is just that intriguing, passing reference and no more.

I hope Mr. Davis will take me up on my suggestion. He could do a fine job with Pickett.

HARRY SCHLEGEL.

## I REMEMBER

By Boris Pasternak  
Pantheon.

152 pages.  
\$3.75

After Boris Pasternak's novel *Dr. Zhivago*, forbidden in the Soviet Union, published on our side of the Iron Curtain, was awarded the Nobel Prize, the author became the very symbol of spiritual resistance under Communist rule. This is why all want to know more about him. *I Remember* is but a sketch, but packed with invaluable information. There are recollections of Pasternak's childhood, which in themselves are very moving. Born in 1890, Boris was the son of a well-known painter and friend of Tolstoy, Leonid Pasternak, who illustrated Tolstoy's writings. He was also dedicated to poetry and music. His son's recollections start with a chamber-music concert in the presence of Tolstoy and his daughter. "That night," writes Boris Pasternak, "stood like a landmark between the unconscious state of infancy and my subsequent childhood."

Pasternak further tells us of his infatuation with music at the time he met

the composer Scriabin, so closely linked with Russian music of that time, as well as with Russian mystic and symbolist trends in literature. Later, as the years went by, Pasternak studied abroad, became fluent in German, French, and English, discovered the poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke, who deeply influenced him. From that time on, Boris Pasternak was entirely dedicated to poetry and to literary prose of deeply poetic texture, which we find in his *Dr. Zhivago*. He tells us, in his autobiography, of the poets and prose writers of those years immediately preceding the 1917 revolution and in the period which followed. This was a time of remarkable flowering of Russian letters—from the symbolist poet Blok to the futurist poet Mayakovsky, one-time official "bard" of the Communist regime, who later lost his faith in Communism and committed suicide. The "Mayakovsky case," as well as other tragic aspects of Soviet literature, are analyzed in Pasternak's autobiography.

The second part of the volume is devoted to Pasternak's ideas about translating Shakespeare into Russian—a task which he brilliantly fulfilled.

HELEN ISWOLSKY.

## THIS FIERY NIGHT

By Joan Vatssek.  
Harper.

376 pages.  
\$3.95

Critics say that the best novels are those in which the writer draws from his own experience. This is usually true. However, exceptions occur and these are generally novels in which the writer has known, at first hand, historic events and people of another culture. Unless a master is at work, the result is often that the background and events are allowed to overwhelm the human qualities of the characters. The reader is left with the feeling that he is watching an animated tract where each character is the personification of some facet of the argument rather than a living, breathing, human being. Such, unfortunately, is the case with *This Fiery Night*, a novel by Joan Vatssek.

Laid in Egypt in the last days of King Farouk's reign and the twilight of British dominion, *This Fiery Night* attempts to explore, at every level of a complex society, the corruption, intrigue, and mindless revolt which culminated in the savage destruction of Western influence and power in Egypt. The author knew well the look, sound, and smell of the country—the complicated interlacings of each fragment of Egyptian society—the colonized and the colonials. Unhappily, at every



Joan Vatssek



Boris Pasternak



turn. this knowledge is offered as though from a textbook or news report. Worst of all, characters emerge as though they had signs pinned on them: "I am meant to represent unmitigated corruption;" or "I am meant to represent weakness." The effect then, is of a morality play rather than a novel.

There is no central character, no central plot. There are a series of characters: a gallant British officer; an uncommitted and somewhat naïve American girl with whom he falls in love; a ruthless, selfish, old-line Egyptian merchant who sells his friends; a cultivated, sensitive doctor who is caught between two cultures—but the list is endless. And each character has his own story which, admittedly, with great skill and intricacy, the author has woven into the stories of all the others. But none is allowed to hold the reader's attention for long; none holds the heart.

Mrs. Vatske's characters are intellectual concepts rather than people. She has the historian's inclination toward detachment rather than the novelist's need for passionate commitment. She has tried to combine history and fiction and has achieved only an unsatisfying amalgam. The great novel of modern Egypt's struggle with herself and the world will probably have to be written by an Egyptian.

RENE KUHN BRYANT.

## SOLOMON AND SHEBA

By Jay Williams. 248 pages.  
Random. \$3.95

To the court of Solomon came the mysterious "Queen of the South," to see at first-hand the storied splendor and wisdom of Israel's magnificent king. This is the encounter which Jay Williams has fictionalized and expanded from the Bible's scant eleven verses into a pleasant, readable, and sometimes inspiring novel.

According to the Biblical narrative, the Sheban queen, attracted by rumors of Solomon's excellence, comes to Israel's court perhaps out of mere curiosity, perhaps with trade agreements on her mind. But in Williams' version, her motive is intrigue. She has allied herself with Hadad, the Edomite king, and has accepted the role of enchantress to unman Solomon and weaken his hold on his people. That she should herself be victimized by the ardor of Solomon's response is inevitable in Williams' romantic machinations.

The forces of Solomon's dissolution are concretized and compressed into this single affair with Sheba. The gentle, selfless, reverent, lighthearted youth who assumes the throne of David with a humble prayer for wisdom, crumbles before our eyes into an arrogant, sensual, pragmatic despot. When

he finally forsakes Yahweh to sacrifice to the pagan deity of his royal mistress, his degeneration is absolute.

Faithful to the revealed text in essentials, Williams has allowed himself more freedom with minor historical details. Where he does quote directly from the Bible, the Scriptural prose of the Smith-Goodspeed translation blends easily into his ingratiating style. There are in the book moments of pastoral tenderness and some of revolting violence; of romantic lyricism and of deep religious reverence. The book's theology is generally sound; its atmosphere colorful and sincere.

ALBERT D. MOSER, C.S.P.

## DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM

Gustav A. Wetter, S.J. 609 pages.  
Praeger. \$10.00

Father Wetter's standard German work on Soviet philosophy has at long last become available in a good working English translation. This authoritative work, now in its fourth German edition, has been considered since 1952 the definitive examination of the Soviet interpretation of dialectical (as opposed to historical) materialism. It is easily one of the dozen most important west-



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—THOMAS P. RAMIREZ



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ern studies of Soviet ideology and philosophical reasoning from pre-1917 revolution to Khrushchev. Its appearance in the United States closes a gap in our literature of Communism only partially filled in the past by Father Charles McFadden's *The Philosophy of Communism* and Robert Carew Hunt's *The Theory and Practice of Communism*, two excellent general works.

Gustav Wetter, Jesuit philosopher and former rector of the world famous Collegium Russicum in Rome, where priests for the U.S.S.R. are trained, has devoted much of his adult life to a careful, thorough study of Soviet philosophy as handed down to the Communists by Marx, Engels, and later Lenin and Stalin and company. His detailed description and analysis of Communist and Soviet sources bespeak his serious scholarship.

This is an immensely important contribution to world knowledge and a particularly timely addition to the literature available here on the basic nature and development of world Communism as reflected in the history of Soviet thought. There is little hope to be gathered from Father Wetter's analysis that the philosophical tenets of Communism are changing or otherwise being modified to accommodate to the West's search for peace and evolution within the Soviet orbit.

ROBERT F. DELANEY.

## WALTER BAGEHOT

By Norman St. John-Stevass.  
Indiana Univ. 485 pages. \$7.50

Walter Bagehot was born in Somerset, England, in 1826. Both his parents came from banking families. After education at Bristol College and the University of London, Walter joined the family bank and from there gravitated to the editorship of the *Economist*, where his influence on British policy was pervasive. He is a writer more quoted than read and Dr. Norman St. John-Stevass is to be thanked for this admirable biographical and critical introduction to his work.

The excellence of the political writings stems, in part, from the climate of opinion in which Bagehot lived. It was a period of great and diverse men, in politics, religion, and the arts: Gladstone, Newman, Dickens, Arnold, and, across the ocean, Lincoln and the great American men of letters. It was a time of faith and a time of skepticism. Bagehot's approach to the problems of democratic government was Liberal and detached.

The virtues of any political State derive from the qualities of the men who take or are given power. Bagehot, while not a Republican, had small faith in the hereditary system of constitutional monarchy; a skepticism, the editor

notes, which foundered on George V, the democratic king. Throughout the political essays, most strikingly in the studies of Gladstone and Disraeli, one notes Bagehot referring policy back to persons. He had no faith in the political intelligence of "the people;" but the author who observed of Queen Victoria and the future Edward VII that "it would be nice to trace how the actions of a retired widow and an unemployed youth become of such importance" was certainly not inhibited by class-conscious views.

He wrote with lucidity and wit out of wide and profound scholarship; the problems he discussed are not less pressing, one suggests, in times when statesmen are asked to be not only intellectual and moral but physical "supermen," a time when the political organization of the democracies may warrant reconsideration. He was very sane. His jibes, for example, at the "anti-Papal" factions of his day still are amusing, still pertinent. His mind was far from Rome, but farther from the vast bovine stupidity of that group of Protestants who believed Newman had been bribed to become a Catholic by an impoverished Pope.

It would be difficult to overpraise Dr. St. John-Stevass' critical biography and general editing of the essays. His every note places Bagehot's text in the larger context of his times and relates it to our times. Great parliamentary figures live again in these pages; great problems are reconsidered. It is a model work of its kind.

W. J. IGOE.

## THE STATUS SEEKERS

By Vance Packard.  
McKay.

376 pages.  
\$4.50

If you have been getting that "hemmed in" feeling lately, a burdensome sense of inhibition, coupled with difficulty in breathing freely and complicated by fantasies of imprisonment, don't panic.

Vance Packard, the man who found *The Hidden Persuaders*, feels the same way. However, Mr. Packard's scientific explanation for these claustrophobic sensations is in terms of class lines and behavior and the hidden barriers that are affecting our life in the United States today. Mr. Packard's research points unmistakably to the growing rigidity of class lines, both horizontally, according to the five major income, culture, and prestige brackets, and vertically, according to the multitudinous factors which mark us apart, within our class, from our neighbor (i.e., religion,



Vance Packard

national background, color, length of stay in the community). Our society, Mr. Packard claims, looks very much like a jungle gym which is not challenging our muscular skill as much as it is defeating our ability to remain mobile.

Quite rightly, Mr. Packard, about mid-way through his well-documented treatise, cries out the point that is most pertinent at stake. In a culture that is offering fewer possibilities for freedom, in a society which is retreating to proper and precise corners, in which barriers breed like giant dandelions, what is happening to our ability to reach out to our brother? Mr. Packard feels that, at present, the concept of the brotherhood of man is in danger of becoming a philosophy that has outgrown its usefulness.

According to Mr. Packard's survey, two paralyzing trends stand out as the most frightening. One is the increasing fragmentation of jobs into tiny slots which can be filled by near-automatons; the other is the fearful "upgrading urge" present in so much of the rhythm of our culture. Paced by the beat of the advertising drum, encouraged by human nature's own egoistic desires for "improvement," this drive is sending our last hope for emotional peace to its death. It would seem that we are a nation on the road to self-ruin.

Mr. Packard is, quite frankly, pessimistic about the entire situation. And even his ending comments, which are some "suggestions for what to do about it all," belie his underlying certitude of helplessness in the situation.

BARBARA LA ROSA.

## A PEARL TO INDIA

By Vincent Cronin,  
Dutton.

297 pages.  
\$4.50

Father Robert de Nobili, the subject of this absorbing story by one of England's most talented young biographers, was the first missionary to establish Christianity in the interior of India. The author, praised by the critics for his earlier account of the missionary work in China of another Jesuit, Father Matteo Ricci, in *Wise Man From the West*, has an equally fascinating story and tells it equally well.

In 1606 Father Nobili went to live in Madurai, South India. Here, against immense odds, he became the first European to learn Sanskrit and to study the Vedas and non-dualist Vedanta. Suspected of "appeasement" by Europeans, and by the Brahmins of



Vincent Cronin

being a Turk in disguise, Father Nobili singlehandedly fought a battle to bring Christianity to Indians on fair terms. Mr. Cronin, working largely from unpublished manuscripts, tells the story of his many sufferings and heroic deeds which resulted in more than four thousand conversions before Father Nobili left Madurai in 1645.

Like Ricci, Father Nobili was a pioneer in adaptation; that is, writes Mr. Cronin, "he tried to bridge sixty-five degrees of longitude by a combination of theology, love, and good manners." This aspect of Father Nobili's work is of timely importance in connection with Christianity's divine mission to the peoples of Asia in the twentieth century, of which we are so eloquently reminded in Christopher Dawson's latest book, *The Movement of World Revolution*. There is much to be learned from the life of Father Robert de Nobili, S. J., and we are indebted to Mr. Cronin for his fascinating biography of a great missionary.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.



## To the Rescue

► During the Korean War, my husband's artillery company held religious services in a tent which served as mess hall and chapel. A pot-bellied, gasoline-burning stove heated the tent.

One Sunday, as the chaplain was delivering his sermon, the chapel roof caught fire. Smoke filled the tent and the men quickly jumped into action. My husband, Tony, hastily grabbed a nearby can of water and splashed at the fire. Most of it hit its mark, but a lot fell beyond—to where the chaplain was standing.

The fire was extinguished, but the chaplain stood quietly—and wet—looking sternly at Tony. In the hushed crowd, all eyes were upon them. Then from the rear of the tent came an exclamation: "Holy smoke!" The chaplain's face broke into a smile, the tension was broken, and the service continued.

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### THE CASE OF THE COLOR-BLIND JUDGE

(Continued from page 17)

funds for a badly-needed school and gym for another Harlem church, St. Charles Borromeo.

When the Judge's summer vacation rolls around, the Stevenses head North to do a little trout fishing at Pleasant Pond near Waterville, Me., some thirty miles from the Canadian border.

"Our hosts up there," Mrs. Stevens says, "are Mr. and Mrs. Ned Porter. Mr. Porter used to work in the New York Probation Department but he's retired now. He and Harold take their fishing very seriously. They go out, usually at night, in a little aluminum boat. The main feature about this boat is that bolted to it are two armchairs, both of them heavily pillowed. On one side of each chair is a tin for bait and on the other a basket for the fish. When they leave one of these is full and the other empty. When they return the situation is usually about the same."

"But if they don't catch fish," Mrs. Stevens is asked, "what do they do?"

"Swap stories. Neither of them has ever realized that their voices carry across the water and that Mrs. Porter and I, sitting on the porch, can hear every word. I will say this for them. To date they haven't swapped a single story that wasn't fit for our delicate ears."

The moral appears to be that even a Judge must have his day away from court.

In a busy lifetime Harold Stevens has received numerous honors, including LL.D. degrees from Fordham University, Boston College, Creighton University in Nebraska, and Manhattan College. In 1953 Pope Pius XII, through Cardinal Spellman, gave him the *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* (For Church and Pope) award. As counsel for the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, as special counsel to President Roosevelt's wartime committee on Fair Employment Practices, and as a New York Assemblyman, he has fought—and won—many battles for his race.

According to Burton Sherman, his law clerk, the court to which he is now attached is the busiest in the United States. "I don't see much of my husband any more," says Mrs. Stevens, but the tone in which she makes the complaint suggests that she approves of the zest with which her husband pursues the vocation he so obviously loves.

Whether a person who appears before Judge Stevens is a Negro or white, makes no difference. To which Mrs. Stevens adds a little item, for whatever it is worth. The Judge is color-blind.



## CONFORMITY OR COMMUNITY?

(Continued from page 19)

is always going to be some tension between man and society, refuses to admit that there is any necessary opposition between the development of the individual and the welfare of the group. Quite the contrary, the Catholic position has always been that the development of the human personality depends to a large extent on the degree to which the individual is an intelligently integrated member of a group. There is no question that the group exists for the good of the persons who make it up, but the interests of the members of the group are best served when they freely co-operate for the good of the whole. The ultimate reason for this paradox is that man has been created a social animal and achieves his goals, not as an isolated and lonely individualist, but rather as a participating member of society. An organization which believes itself to be the Mystical Body of Christ, which demands membership in itself as a condition for salvation, and which offers as its worship a community sacrifice, can hardly regard the passing of exaggerated individualism as an unmitigated evil.

Hence the Catholic Church is sympathetic to modern man's quest for community; but its idea of community is considerably different from the narrow, self-contained little world of the modern conformist, who goes along with the group to get away from problems which seem too big for him to face. Family life should not remove man from political and economic society, but should rather better equip him to go out into the world and face its complexities and contradictions. The local church is not to be a place where he will find tranquillity and solace in a confused life, but rather a place where he should obtain the spiritual strength he needs to transform the immoral institutions in which men must live and work and try to save their souls. The neighborhood community (even if it be a suburb) is not an escape from the horrors of industrialism, but a center for the eventual reconquest and humanization of the city. The lay apostle, then, normally gets his formation and strength not merely from isolated prayer and meditation but also from intelligent participation in a group.

Nor is Catholic thought necessarily opposed to the yearning for security which seems so typical of modern youth. Pope Pius XI, echoing St. Thomas Aquinas, said that a certain modest share of this world's goods is not only not an obstacle to salvation, but a distinct help. One wonders if the vocal opponents of "security" are seriously advocating insecurity and whether they themselves are ready to forego their own



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pension rights. One can no more abrogate the human longing for economic security than one can repeal human nature. It is interesting to note that the growth of the lay apostolate in this country has gone hand in hand with the increase in economic security for Catholic families. As Father Dennis Geaney has pointed out, if people do not feel relatively secure, most of them are not going to feel they have any time to devote to the work of the apostolate. Security may not be the only value, but it is an important one.

To say that Catholic thinking is in sympathy with the search for community is not to say that Catholics should go along with some of the nonsense which is masquerading under the name of community in our culture. The quest for community is still uncertain and probing. Many mistakes, some of them foolish, are bound to be made. Thinkometers, leaderless groups, personality tests, life adjustment courses, brainstorming, and uniformly colored bathrobes are absurdities that merely manifest how far the search for community goes. One of the major advantages of a free society like our own is that the trenchant criticism of a David Reisman or a William H. Whyte sets up counter-trends which help to purify the search for community from some of its more obvious mistakes. As a result of such criticism, it is now fashionable to be a bit of a nonconformist. In fact, if one really wishes to conform, one had better be something of a nonconformist because nowadays everyone is or at least claims to be (to the immense delight of the salesmen of foreign automobiles).

How can we distinguish community from conformity? How can we tell where a given group is promoting creativity or destroying it? How can we separate Christian social-mindedness from oppressive groupism? In practice such distinctions are not always easy to make. But a good rule of thumb would be this: If membership in a group draws a person into facing the problems which exist in the world beyond the group and into trying to do something about these problems, then the group has the beginnings at least of true community. If, on the other hand, the group draws the attention of its members more and more within its own limits, then conformity is corrupting community. For the man whose interests and vision are widening is becoming more human, and the man whose interests and vision are narrowing is becoming less human. Where there is complacency and self-satisfaction there can be no real human community. Complacency, then, is the difference between conformity and community and is the enemy which must be fought if the American dream is not to end in a collectivist nightmare.



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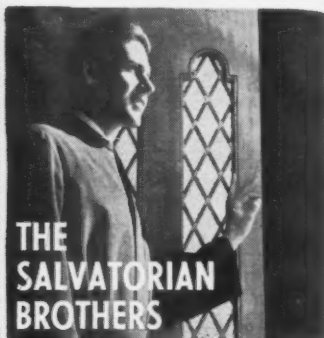
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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

that no saint was ever an "ordinary" parish priest. Even that is incorrect, as there are many saintly ordinary parish priests who will not be officially recognized and canonized.

Z. L. BEGIN

MARSHALL, MINN.

## THE DUTIES OF WOMEN

Katherine Burton's "Woman to Woman" regarding "Generation Without a Cause" should serve more than a "gentle" reminder to the women of the world regarding their duties as mothers and individuals.

Women and men alike should give serious thought to what they are teaching their children regarding their moral obligation in the world. There is much more to it than merely saying we should teach them not to steal and lie, that they should oppose war, and what their moral obligations are regarding sex. . . .

MRS. W. C. HERRICK

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

## "HELL IN CHINA"

I read with great interest the article "Hell in China" in the April issue of THE SIGN, in which Wong Ku-Chin tells his story of the annihilation of family life and the fate which was to befall his family.

This article made me realize only too well how often I take for granted our freedom and American heritage which others have had to struggle to obtain. It is hard to imagine how a few people can literally dominate thousands with only a single weapon, namely, that of fear.

The one thing which completely baffles me is the manner in which the Communists indoctrinate the people into believing that their system is infallible. Are the people unable to see through the webs of lies that they are weaving, or is their fear so great that they are afraid to speak?

MISS NORMA ROZICH

DETROIT, MICH.

## LIBERAL CATHOLICS

I should like to comment on your editorial in the April issue of THE SIGN. In it you purport to define the terms liberal and conservative. Though you may not intend "to defend liberals or condemn conservatives" (sic) I must say your definitions seem somewhat partial to the former.

It might have been fairer to the conservative had you paraphrased Rossiter's definition somewhat as follows: "Conservatism is the attitude of those who reasonably accept change yet believe that present institutions should be substantially preserved. The conservative tries to adopt a balanced view of the social process, but when he faces a showdown over some thoughtful plan to change the lot of men, he will choose stability over change.

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continuity over experiment, the past over the future. In short, he is optimistic about the present state of affairs inherited from the past."

I would suggest, however, that the term liberal be applied to the tendency, the habitual attitude one has toward oversteering to a slight or to an extreme degree recourse to social help; while the term conservative should be applied to the tendency to oversteer to a slight or to an extreme degree self-reliance. . . .

The liberal Catholic—liberal in the sense that the truth shall make him free—strives to avoid either error. He endeavors to cultivate a middle position which is not a combination of individualism and collectivism—two errors never make one truth—but a third philosophy, the true philosophy of man which recognizes the value of the proper development of the individual as well as the proper role of society in the development of that individual by encouraging, regulating, aiding, but not by absorbing, enslaving the human person.

It is in the light of this third position that Catholics should be encouraged to test the "humanity" of the issues you mention as the touchstone for liberal and conservative thought. Amen to your last sentence: "The intelligent Catholic will sometimes be a liberal and sometimes a conservative, free of the party line that enslaves the ultras of both groups." I would add, however, may he strive to be free from any deviation, even the slightest, from truth either to the left or to the right.

ALOYSIUS J. OWEN, S.J.  
LE MOYNE COLLEGE,  
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Thank you for your article "Can a Catholic Be a Liberal?" My husband is Democratic President of the City Council in Buffalo, New York, and during last year's state nominations was an unsuccessful candidate for Attorney General backed by progressive young Democrats and the Liberal Party. Last winter, just such a question was asked him. . . .

JEANNE M. LAWLESS  
BUFFALO, N. Y.

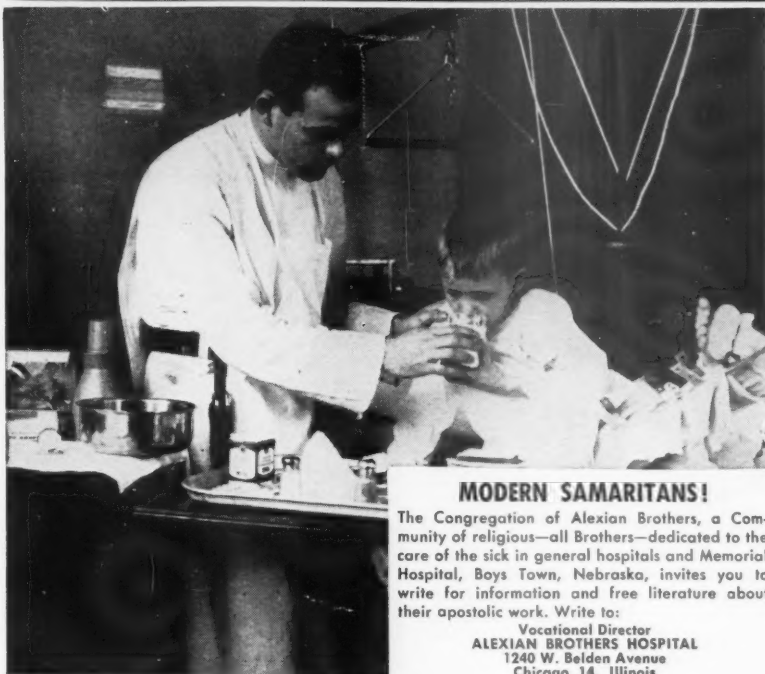
#### ENGLISH CATHOLICS

Mr. Desmond D. Dolan's letter to you may have included some sound evidence on the material self-reliance of American Catholics, but to belittle the Catholic writers of England does not raise him in anyone's esteem. He evidently has not read their books!

Chesterton, Belloc, Ronald Knox, Evelyn Waugh cannot be considered as "haunted by the past" . . . or "writing lamentative books." Possibly no adjective can encompass them since parody, wit, satire, and Biblical translation occupied these, and there are more novelists like Graham Greene to round out the picture.

Isn't it about time that Americans as a nation ceased to belittle the talents and ability of the intellectuals? There is a need as always and everywhere for the average Catholic living up to his religion and practicing charity, but also writers have a great and urgent part to play since

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very often they can reach unawakened minds and arouse some thought of Christ and His Church.

François Mauriac, Claudel, and the English writers shed a luster on their respective countries—surely America has developed enough to value and support her Catholic writers that she need not criticize more fortunate nations!

MRS. B. GREER

VERDUN, QUE. CANADA

Permit me to correct the mis-statements of Mr. Desmond Dolan.

English Catholics do not live among monastery ruins and madonnas but (mostly) in the slums and suburbs of roaring industrial Megapoli. There are no madonnas on the spires of Oxford, now alas! become the Detroit of England. We are too busy repairing the ruins and building anew to spend time lamenting.

With a fine flavor of Luke 18:11, Mr. Dolan says that in our position "American Catholics would be more inclined to try to win converts." There is no "would be" about our efforts to convert England by good living, including good manners and truthfulness; our present conversions are among intellectuals, who are not affected by "lamentive novels" particularly when such books are not written. They exist, perhaps, in Mr. Dolan's imagination—where is the lamentiveness of, say, Noyes, Knox, Chesterton, Lunn, Sitwell, or Sheed and Ward?

A *factual*—therefore very different—account of English Catholicism by an American will be found in the April *Catholic Mind*.

MRS. M. RICHEY

NEW YORK, N. Y.

## SUMMIT SUICIDE

I have previously written about three letters wherein I disagreed with the editorial policies of THE SIGN. In the May issue of THE SIGN, I found myself in agreement, for a change, with your editorial "Summit Suicide." I therefore decided, in the interest of fair play, to write you and tell you so.

I am glad to see you speak out against the summit conference hysteria that is sweeping the country. We cannot do business with the Russians at this time. They have been untrustworthy in the past and have shown no indication that they can be trusted in the future. Your words should be well heeded in times like these.

The following corollary might be added to the point you made in your editorial. Since Russia has shown herself unworthy of our trust, doesn't it follow that we should cease diplomatic relations with her, since they are of no avail at all?

EARL WILLIAMS

AUSTIN, TEXAS

Your editorial, "Summit Suicide," is like a beacon of light in this dark, troubled world. I read it over and over again and filed it away in my mind for future arguments. Why can't people see the danger!

I enjoy your wonderful magazine very much and read it from cover to cover.

ALICE T. FRAASS

HELENA, MONTANA

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